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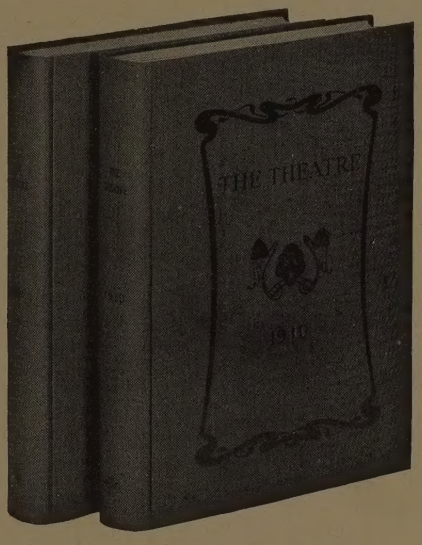

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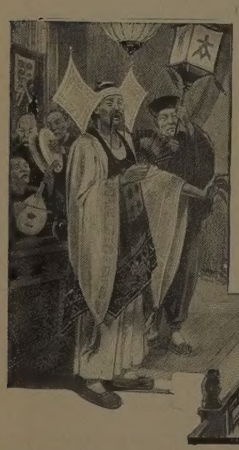

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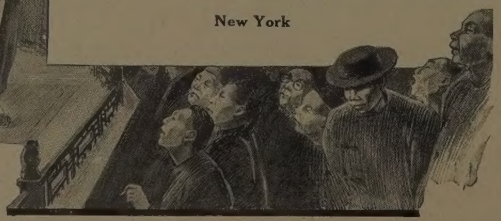

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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW

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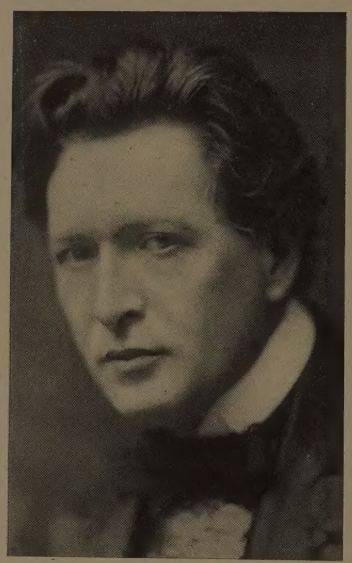

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XIII JANUARY, 1911 No. 119

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GIACOMO PUCCINI

The famous Italian composer who has done this country the honor of giving it the première of his new opera, "The Girl of the Golden West," which was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House on December 10 last for the first time on any stage

Photo White

Olga Nethersole Edward Mackay

Act III. Verus tells Mary how she can liberate Christ

SCENE IN MAURICE MAETERLINCK'S NEW PLAY, "MARY MAGDALENE," AT THE NEW THEATRE

SOME RECENT PLAYS

NEW THEATRE. "MARY MAGDALENE." Play in three acts by Maurice Maeterlinck. Translation by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Produced December 5 with this cast:

Lucius Verus.....Edward Mackay	Nicodemus .....Reginald Barker
Annoeus Silanus.....Arthur Forrest	Joseph of Arimathaea.....A. B. Imeson
Appius.....Charles B. Hanford	Martha .....Beatrice Moreland
Coelius .....Frederick Macklyn	Mary Magdalene.....Olga Nethersole
Lazarus .....Wilfrid Roger	

That Maeterlinck's poetic imagination should have been drawn to the story of Mary Magdalene and her regeneration through her love of the Divine Figure whose voice, whose authority, and whose uttered truths thrilled her soul, is proof of his own loving tenderness of heart. He did not seize upon the subject for mere theatrical use, and yet it was the woman that appealed to him. Maeterlinck's work up to his writing of this play has been Pagan in his sympathies and not Christian. We do not undertake, for a moment, to determine his religious views, but in the very nature of the play, "Mary Magdalene," the woman, is the central figure. The necessity for this in a dramatic sense presents at once an enormous difficulty in the successful writing and production of such a play. Keeping the chief figure of the drama, and He must be the chief figure, out of the visible action, does not make the undertaking easier. It is possible that the action of the play might be so well balanced that Maeterlinck's intent to centre our sympathies on the repentant woman might be made effective; but Miss Nethersole's acting does not accomplish that end. She played the part with unaccustomed restraint, but her passionate love for the Roman soldier and suitor was too violent in its embraces and kisses and undulations and physical allurements to denote the change (or a possible change at any time) in the spiritual nature of Mary Magdalene. The portrayal of such a character with such a struggle of emotions rending her requires something more, a great deal more, than theatrical art. Miss Nethersole acted the part well, but she was not Mary Magdalene. The play in book form, read as literature, reaches its aim and is very satisfactory if one does not project himself, with an adequate knowledge of the stage, into the possible performance of it. Technically the play is not equal to any other of Maeterlinck's plays.

The first act is full of talk and discussion. The development

of the plot is slow. The action gathers itself into a few supreme moments that are thrilling, but the human side of it is not put forward well. It is not a good acting play at every moment. A good acting play must never let up in its action. The stage pictures are beautiful. There is perhaps some overelaboration. Mary Magdalene first appears in raiment that only the Queen of Sheba could have devised or had the assurance to wear. This figure of the supposedly captivating woman was enmeshed in silks, shining in colors, the head surmounted by a structure of gold and jewels of a most uncomfortable kind. The splendor and worldly estate of this woman could have been indicated better in some simpler way. It was the woman and not her finery that had a significance. Her splendor had only a subordinate part in what befell her. The rabble did not assail her because of her proud magnificence, but because of her character. This headpiece of Mary Magdalene is pure theatricalism. We need not recount the story, surely not. Mary Magdalene's soul is born anew, and she refuses further degradation in not consenting to the alternative offered to her by the Roman officer. She cannot save her benefactor. It is a tragedy of the soul, a tragedy that was experienced in actual life, and it is very impressive. It is even possible that Miss Nethersole might bring out this impressiveness by greater simplicity. The play, in any event, will remain a beautiful work of literature, whether the desired result is ever obtained with it or not. The production was over-burdened with music. The attempt to have the Lord speak to us through horns and stringed instruments was not entirely successful, although the music is of the highest possible quality. Perhaps the music also might be restored to helpfulness if the acting were simplified and made more sincere. Theatrically Mr. Arthur Forrest, as Silanus, and of Mr. Charles B. Hanford, as Appius, were capable, but they, too, might be simpler in their methods. The scene in which the rabble appeared, the blind and the halt, those who had been healed, and Lazarus, who had been raised from the dead, contributed to a success that does not go quite far enough.

The Russian Symphony Orchestra interpreted a symphonic arrangement, by Mr. Modest Altschuler, based on various Hebraic and Oriental melodies, designed to convey the spirit of the play.

BROADWAY. "MACBETH." Tragedy in six acts by William Shakespeare. Presented December 5 with this cast:

Duncan	William Harris
Malcolm	Eric Blind
Donalbain	P. J. Kelly
Macbeth	Mr. Sothern
Banquo	Sydney Mather
Macduff	Frederick Lewis
Lennox	France Bendtsen
Ross	John Taylor
Menteith	Arthur Norton
Angus	Frederick Roland
Caithness	Ernest Sinclair
Fleance	Eleanor Fralick
Siward	Paul Roberts
Seyton	Wendell Morse
A Doctor	Albert S. Howson
A Sergeant	Thomas Coleman
A Porter	Rowland Buckstone
A Messenger	Milano Tilden
Murderers	Wilton Lord, Arthur Morris
Gentlewoman	Norah Lamison
Lady Macbeth	Miss Marlowe
First Witch	Albert S. Howson
Second Witch	Malcolm Bradley
Third Witch	Leonore Chippendale
Apparitions	Eleanor Franck, Charlotte Lewis, William Sumpter

The Sothern-Marlowe production of "Macbeth" will be remembered as one of the most elaborate and satisfying the present generation has seen of Shakespeare's tragedy. From the standpoint of *mise en scène* there is only praise to be recorded. The costuming is beautiful and artistic throughout, and there are no crude anachronisms in the sets for the "Castle." The Sir Arthur Sullivan music is occasionally too obtrusive, but this is a minor fault. All in all, the production as made by these distinguished players is a distinct credit to their taste and intelligence.

One can scarcely imagine a Lord and Lady Macbeth further removed from a "butcher and his fiend-like queen"—Malcolm's characterization of the pair, and the keynote of the rôles as generally played—than these two characters in the hands of Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe. At no time was Sothern in the least like a ruthless conqueror, seeking whom he could devour. And in only one speech, the famous

"I have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,
And dash'd the brains out, had I sworn as you have done to this."

was Miss Marlowe even remotely "fiendish." Here she could not help herself, of course; there is something very uncompromising about that speech. Even as a means of inciting an adored husband to reach out and seize a crown, it cannot well be fitted in to a conception of Lady Macbeth as a sweet, gracious and loving personality. Yet, for the most, this is what Miss Marlowe makes of the ambitious queen. She is a woman *(Continued on page ix)*

Photo White

Coelius (Frederick Macklyn) Silanus (Arthur Forrest) Appius (Charles B. Hanford) Mary Magdalene (Olga Nethersole) Lucius Verus (Edward Mackay)

Act I. Mary learns from Silanus that the Nazarene is at the house next door

SCENE IN MAURICE MAETERLINCK'S NEW PLAY, "MARY MAGDALENE," AT THE NEW THEATRE

Mishkin

Caruso Destinn Amato

The girl (Emmy Destinn) arrives in time to save Johnson (Signor Caruso) from being hanged

SCENE IN ACT III OF PUCCINI'S NEW OPERA "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST" AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

New York Acclaims Puccini's New Opera

AT last the operatic tables have been turned on Europe, for on December 10th, at the Metropolitan Opera House, there was celebrated the first performance on any stage of Giacomo Puccini's latest opera, "La Fanciulla del West," more familiarly known in the colloquial as "The Girl of the Golden West." The libretto is by C. Zangarini and G. Civinini, who have merely made an operatic version of that successful and familiar play by David Belasco, seen here years ago with Blanche Bates and Frank Keenan in the principal rôles.

Puccini saw the play acted here several years ago, on the occasion of his first visit to this country, when his earlier opera, "Madama Butterfly," was being prepared at the Metropolitan. He fell in love with "The Girl" at first sight and decided then and there that here was a stirring dramatic action simply begging for a wide-awake composer to perpetuate it on the opera stage.

So if the disgruntled American composer is wailing and gnashing his teeth—and there were some in the lobbies of the Metropolitan on the night of the première—let him blame nobody but himself if he allowed an enterprising and artistic Italian to be the first to take a typically American story and fashion it into a grand opera for home consumption.

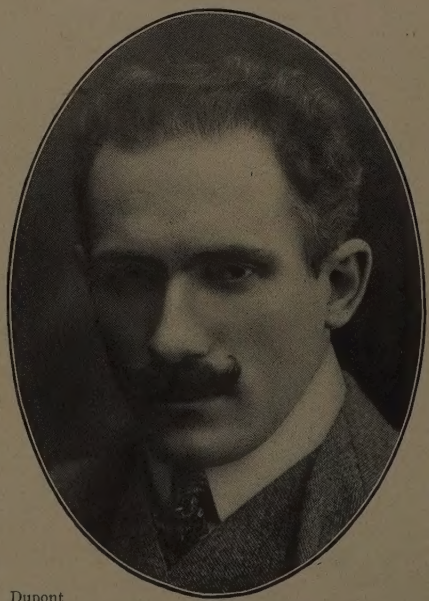
Let it be admitted at the outset that "The Girl of the Golden West" is a success. The scenes of enthusiasm attending its first performance have been graphically described in the daily newspapers—applause, cheers, curtain calls without end for Puccini, Belasco, Gatti-Casazza, Toscanini and the principal singers. And let a special note of thanks be sounded to the active members of the Metropolitan Opera House directors who made this première possible in New York, even before Europe had heard a note of the work. This artistic energy should be encouraged. New York has an ensemble of the greatest opera artists in the world, it has a magnificent opera house, so why should not composers bring their new works here to us first? A few important premières like that of "The Girl" will do more toward establishing New York's fame as an opera centre than a thousand excellent productions of operas familiar to Europe.

So hail to "The Girl of the Golden West!" And hats off to David Belasco who slaved for weeks to inject spirit, movement and "atmosphere" into this array of great artists who, however, are not Americans but are natives of Italy, Bohemia, Poland, Algiers, Germany and France.

The result of David Belasco's work was very apparent at the première, for a more realistic production has never been seen on the Metropolitan stage. Never has an operatic mob acted with such spirit as did this gang of miners and cowpunchers in the last act; and all through the performance there were just those little touches that stamp a Belasco production.

It is a remarkable production scenically. There are but three acts—one act having been sacrificed in the process of turning the play into an opera. Acts one and two—the interiors of the "Polka" and of Minnie's hut are almost identical with the play, but the third act, the Redwood Forest, is entirely new. There the sheriff's posse captures Johnson and is about to hang him upon a convenient tree when Minnie dashes in on her bronco and pleads for his life. She wins, and the two lovers turn their faces eastward while singing an Italian farewell to the beloved California.

And the music? Puccini has garbed this story with the most ambitious score that he has ever written. It is often brutal, it is so fully orchestrated as to give the impression of boisterousness in spots. But these are oases in a wilderness of cleverness.



Dupont

ARTURO TOSCANINI

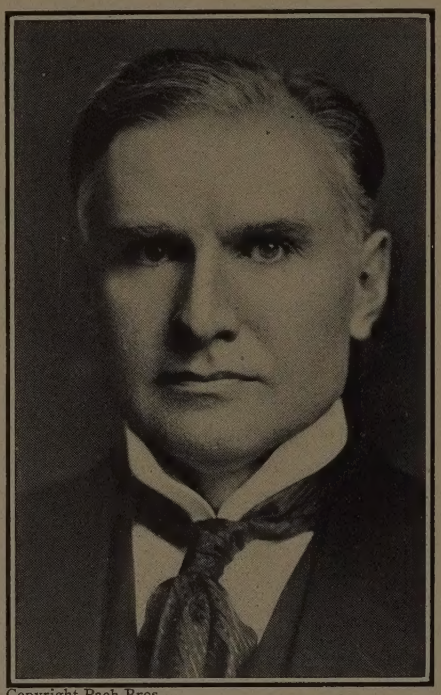
Who conducted with masterly skill the first performance of "The Girl of the Golden West"

LULU GLASER AS CHRIST'L IN "THE GIRL AND THE KAISER" AT THE HERALD SQUARE THEATRE

Some of the Puccinists will be disappointed in this music because they will miss those saccharine lines of melody that stamp "La Bohême" and "Madama Butterfly." They exist in "The Girl" but in much lesser quantity. If it needs be compared to any other of Puccini's writing, "Tosca" will more nearly approach it in character.

But a yell has already arisen that this opera is not "American." What a pity! Perhaps some of the learned dissenters will arise to explain how "Madama Butterfly" is Japanese, or how "Manon Lescaut" is French. In "Madama Butterfly" he throws a sop to searching ears by using a really Japanese tune, but to a Japanese this opera is provocative of nothing but laughter. So why put the yell to "The Girl" just because its action happens to take place in a California mining camp three scores of years ago. It is a safe gamble to assert that none of those who find this opera un-American have but the faintest and vaguest idea of the "atmosphere" of that mining camp during the days of the gold fever.

A truce to such niggling. If Puccini's music fits the Belasco action then the artist has achieved his task. And it certainly does fit the action. It reflects every mood of this rough tale, mirrors every sentiment that is loosed by the dramatist. And when it is brutal it is consistently so, as dictated by the plot. What more can one ask?



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WALTER DAMROSCH

Whose Sunday concerts of the New York Symphony Society have attracted crowds of music lovers to the New Theatre

Here, too, there is a sop to musical chauvinists, for Puccini has used "rag time" rhythm to indicate the approach of Johnson, the Road Agent. This ought to appease those who search for operatic motes in the eye of this score. Also are there some of the fine sentimental bursts for which this composer is famous. And for those who weep for the decline of easy flowing melody they will find here a waltz tune that is bound to be really popular music before the opera is a month old.

More than all these details, there is in this score a big dramatic surge that silences caption. One of the greatest incidents is the music accompanying the card scene, the crux of the opera. Then there is heard in the orchestra a continual thumping which suggests to the listener the beat of Minnie's heart as she gambles with the Sheriff for the life of the man she loves. That is almost a stroke of genius on the part of the musician who wrote it. It spreads a feeling of tense suspense in the audience, and then, after Minnie has cheated her way to success, the orchestra looses all its forces in one wild, triumphant burst, a perfect deluge of tonal frenzy. There is one thing about this score, however, that must be admitted, and it is the fact that this music really demands more than one or even two hearings before its full dramatic significance is entirely revealed. And, after all, that is a virtue rather than a fault for it proves that the composer has not strewn all his cleverness along the surface of his music.

The artists fairly outdid themselves in performing this difficult work. Miss Destinn, in the title rôle, sang and acted as she never has here before. There were none of the usual meaningless operatic gestures about her impersonation, and vocally she rose to new heights.

Nor has Caruso ever acted as well as he did in the part of Johnson—and he sang like a proverbial angel, especially his solo in the final act. As Sheriff Jack Rance, Amato gave a startlingly impressive reading—it was as though Frank Keenan had found himself possessed of a barytone voice. Reiss, as Nick, and Didur, as Ashby—they were excellent, and Gilly swaggered about in a red flannel shirt and a sombrero as though he had been to the cowboy manner born.

Arturo Toscanini conducted a performance that was nothing short of masterly. He had memorized this score and conducted it with infinite understanding of all its effective possibilities. The orchestra under him played superbly; the chorus sang well; the stage "business" was flawless—

(*Continued on page viii*)

White

THE RUSSIAN BALALAIKA ORCHESTRA, LATELY HEARD AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE

The Real Bernhardt

By Robert Grau

FOR the eighth time in a total period of more than three decades, and at the age of sixty-seven, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has come to America for a tournée which is likely to be her last.

Madame Sarah's visits to the land of dollars have come in cycles, yet there has been a lapse of but three years since her last tour, when she broke all records in a financial way, playing to the largest gross receipts ever recorded for any attraction outside of grand opera, and excelling even the famous Bernhardt-Coquelin tour, when the scale of prices was almost double that which prevails when Sarah alone is the magnet.

It will be recalled that on this last visit Bernhardt was supposedly barred from the theatres controlled by the Theatrical Syndicate, and was compelled to appear in tents, Convention halls and armories. Much was heard, too, of Madame's indignation at the time, and it was said that she vowed she would never be seen again in any theatre in which this syndicate had an interest, yet on this tour, now in progress, the Syndicate theatres are the only ones to which the Bernhardt entourage will be confined. As a matter of fact, Mme. Bernhardt is just a normal, shrewd, business woman. In her entire career she has never permitted herself to utter one of the radical things regarding the theatre and the public with which she has been credited.

The general impression, too, seems to be that Sarah is difficult to manage, whereas just the contrary is the exact truth. During the fifteen years that she was under the direction of my brother, Maurice Grau, she never had a written contract with him, and the terms under which her tours were conducted remained absolutely the same throughout the entire period. It is also true that Bernhardt's present manager, William F. Connor, has only a verbal agreement with her, but notwithstanding efforts made to effect a change by offering greatly increased terms, the word alone of Bernhardt was held to be absolutely binding.

From *Sketch* Photographs by Bert and Reutlinger

THE DIVINE GREAT-GRANDMOTHER: SARAH BERNHARDT; HER SON, MAURICE BERNHARDT; HER SON'S DAUGHTER, MME. EDGARD GROSS, AND MME. GROSS'S BABY

The divine Sarah is a great-grandmother—a remarkable fact, for Sarah Bernhardt retains her youth in wonderful manner, and her voice has lost none of its golden quality

There may yet be some persons who believe some of the "coffin" stories which have always surrounded this illustrious woman, but the truth is that Sarah is the most superb illustration of the absolutely normal artiste-woman that theatrical history of this generation can record. That Madame has a temper is true enough, but, as a rule, this trait becomes evident only in a desire for artistic perfection in her stage representations. I have known her to keep an audience waiting fifteen minutes, because a portière was not hung properly, and in such matters Sarah never has been known to capitulate, but once appeased, her anger ceases instantly. No one appreciates conciliation more than she.

With all that has been written, true and untrue, of this remarkable woman, it is not known that Bernhardt, although she has had the longest and most sustained career of any living stage celebrity, has no personal fortune whatever. In fact, it has always been necessary for any impresario to advance to Madame from fifteen to twenty-five thousand dollars before she could proceed on any new journey, and as security she would always offer her life insurance policy. This financial status has existed throughout her unexampled career, even in the years when her tour's earnings exceeded $200,000.

Sarah Bernhardt is the most prodigious worker the theatre has ever known. It should silence forever those "stars" who object to an extra matinée to see the great French woman play nine and ten times a week the most fatiguing rôles in her repertoire. I have seen her again and again call a rehearsal after a performance in which she has taken the principal rôle, and remain in the theatre until long after midnight, in order that some flaw in the presentation might be remedied.

The mystery as to where the actress' extraordinary earnings go to is yet to be solved. When her son Maurice was much younger, he was allotted $50,000 a year, and his managerial experiments in Paris at the Bernhardt Theatre are said to have cost his mother a fortune. Sarah has been for some time a great-grandmother, but if even her generosity extends to the children of Maurice, this would not account for her abnormal financial position.

It is difficult to predict when Mme. Bernhardt will elect to close her remarkable career, but that she is well aware of the limitations of age and physique is attested by her acceptance of a weekly honorarium of $5,000 at the Colosseum, in London—an ordinary music-hall where she appeared just before coming to America.

Madame's colleagues threw up their hands in horror, but again Bernhardt showed herself to be the sensible artiste-woman, for she claimed that she could maintain her standard in any class of theatre. Besides, did she not need the money before embarking on her eighth American tour?

CELINE BONHEUR
As Amneris in "Aida"

Copyright Dadmun Co., Boston
BOSTON OPERA HOUSE. (*Inset*) HENRY RUSSELL, DIRECTOR

LEON SIBIRIAKOFF
Russian basso, who makes his début

Grand Opera in Boston

BOSTON, at last, has an opera house of its own. For years music lovers have been sedulously sighing for permanent opera. Now they have it, adequately housed, and given with devoted attention to all the details of stage management, with a large and well-trained orchestra and with excellent ensemble. The price of the best seats has advanced this year, and the people who sit up in the balcony feel a bit aggrieved because they cannot, during the long entr'acts, mingle in the foyer with the "great world" of the boxes! Accordingly, there is at the present moment, no more pressing question in Boston than: How shall the cheaper seats be filled *at every performance?* Mr. Eben D. Jordan, the chief benefactor of the Opera House, has found one way to answer this question, and his example might well be followed by other of the wealthy shareholders. He buys up large numbers of seats in the gallery, which he then distributes at half price or at no price at all to students and others who desire to cultivate their taste for opera.

As for Boston's lack of transcendent stars, as a regular thing there are only so many superlative singers in the country, and these do not sing every night, even in the Metropolitan Opera House. Moreover, Philadelphia and Chicago also have permanent opera in these days, and they, as well as Boston, have their rights in Caruso, Farrar, Destinn and Amato. As a matter of fact, our own list of regular singers, which includes Lipkowska, Neilsen, Baklanoff and Constantino, — to mention only a few, contains deservedly distinguished names. New York at any rate seems glad enough to borrow these artists in exchange for its Geraldine Farrar, its Emmy Destinn, and its Louise Homer. Boston's usual casts need not be apologized for; and ere the season is over, all the greatest singers now in this country will have appeared on the Boston Opera House stage.

The director, Mr. Henry Russell, does the finest possible thing in giving here, night after night, week in and week out, grand opera, which is better sung from start to finish than in any other opera-producing city of the country. In regard to scenery and costumes, nothing is left to be desired and, already, there have been several performances which should be characterized by no less an adjective than brilliant.

One such was when "Faust" was given, early in December, with Nordica as Marguerite. This popular prima donna is New England's own and, for nearly two decades, she has won deserved praise wherever heard. Nowadays she confines herself chiefly to concert work, but Mr. Russell, with his keen scent for what will give pleasure to his patrons, went to her last summer with an urgent offer to appear at the Boston Opera House as Gioconda, Isolde, and Marguerite, all parts which have helped make her famous.

The Faust of this altogether satisfying Marguerite was Hermann Jadlowker, whom the German Emperor brought to the Royal Opera at Berlin, after accidentally hearing him sing at Karlsruhe. He has been loaned for a brief period to Boston,

(*Cont'd on page vi*)

Marceau, Boston
LEO DEVAUX

Copyright Marceau
LUCETTE DE LIEVIN

Copyright Mishkin
GIOVANNI ZENATELLO

Matzene
JEANNE KOROLEWICZ
LILLIAN GRENVILLE

EXTERIOR OF THE AUDITORIUM, CHICAGO.
(*Inset*) ANDREAS DIPPEL, DIRECTOR (Copyright Dupont)

Matzene
CAROLINA WHITE
ALICE ZEPPILLI

Grand Opera in Chicago

CHICAGO would have none of "Salome." Though the receipts for the first performance aggregated $15,000, and an audience, as brilliant, as poignantly interested as any audience in Europe or America had been, had gathered to fill the Auditorium, though they had come eagerly with almost breathless anticipation of a great artistic feast, somehow when the thing was done, and the final curtain lowered, they wandered out oppressed, silent and disappointed. On the occasion of the second performance of this sensational Strauss-Wilde work, silently they evinced their disapproval by remaining away. There had been only a faint few murmurs of protest or disapproval, but Andreas Dippel understood. It scarcely required a polite hint from the Chief of Police. Always with a finger on the public pulse, this astute and diplomatic impresario knew unerringly which pawn to move. His swift action in withdrawing the opera from the company's Chicago repertoire, combined with the suggestive element of commercial shrewdness in the world-wide gratuitous advertising gleaned from that action, has somehow more than ever lifted the manager of the Chicago Grand Opera Company in the estimation of the public, as a man pre-eminently fitted for the position. For Dippel already with marked adaptability has put himself in touch with his new environment. The first four weeks of opera in Chicago, the average weekly subscription, added to *actual* box-office receipts for twenty-six operas and four concerts, has amounted to $180,000.

After all, the production of "Salome" in Chicago was but an experiment. Its withdrawal meant little. Announced as a Friday special on a non-subscription night, the original scheme seems to have been to leave that evening open for test performances. Several other complete novelties, absolutely new to America, are announced for similar tests, including Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West," Jean Nougues' "Quo Vadis" and the Herbert-Redding "Natoma." Though these works have been relegated for trial on special Friday nights, it does not mean that such novelties as "Pélléas et Mélisande," "Louise," "Samson et Delila," "Thaïs," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" and "Les Contes d'Hoffmann"—never before heard in the West—must also face relative uncertainty. One by one they have been marshalled out, tried and found supremely acceptable, and have taken their places in the regular repertoire of the company. Though the West has rejected "Salome," on the other hand "Louise" and "Pélléas et Mélisande," with their pure beauty and poetic idealism, "Thaïs," with its tonal magnificence, are growing steadily in favor. Mary Garden has established herself in this trio of works as a star of the first magnitude, created widespread delight, and won unqualified approval. Already one hears the name of Garden on the lips of the very gamins of the gutter. That means it has spread far, even though the street urchin is quick to recognize the sign of the times.

Little by little permanent grand opera is striking deep into the hearts of the people.

(*Cont'd on page vii*)

Copyright Matzene
MARY GARDEN

Matzene
ELEANORA DE CISNEROS

Falk
MARGUERITE SYLVA

SCENE IN THE "ELECTRA" OF EURIPIDES AS PRESENTED RECENTLY BY THE COBURN PLAYERS

The Coburn Players in the "Electra" of Euripides

THE Coburn Players is a very earnest, intelligent and hard-working organization. Its purpose is sincere, and if its accomplishments are not of the very highest level, it deserves well of those whose interests lie in the realms of exalted art. It is progressive, too, for in addition to including in its repertoire the Elizabethan masterpieces, it is adding gradually the works of the ancients and the poetical output of the deserving moderns.

At the Hudson Theatre at two matinées it recently gave a very impressive rendition of Gilbert Murray's rhyming version of the "Electra" of Euripides. The verse of this talented English student is of a very high order. The bold, fluent yet simple poetry of the great original is preserved with marked distinction, vivid strength and graceful form. It was recited, too, with grateful feeling by Mr. Coburn and his associates, while the scenic setting was adequately appropriate and the costumes simple but correct.

It will never probably be possible to decide which of the two versions of the tragic story of "Electra" that the public prefers, that of Euripides or that of Sophocles, but for acting purposes, as the stage taste of to-day goes, it is safe to predict that Hofmansthal's version of the Sophoclean play will always prevail. However true Murray's rendering of Euripides' verse may be, the fact remains that every one of the characters persists in talking at interminable lengths, while much that is dramatic happens off stage, only to be told about by some loquacious eye witness.

Interest in the production of a classic Greek play is necessarily academic. That the dramas of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides can by any possible means be made popular entertainments is perhaps not believed by the most ardent admirer of Greek literature. Scholarship is required on all hands. The stage-manager and the actors must commit no solecisms. The student of the drama must understand the differences between the classic form and modern usages in technique. He is interested in noting that some of the virtues of Greek art in playwriting are vices in the modern. The limitations of the classic stage constantly become obvious to him. He is impressed by the sincerity of every line and of every artifice which, in modern thinking, are even childlike. In its religious aspects he finds that these plays are fathomless, but full of meaning according to the religious views of the Greeks. He sees passions and crimes that could not be presented on the modern stage made the staples of dramas that were undoubtedly impressive at the time of their production and acclaimed as masterpieces, but which with our lacking knowledge of every detail of their significance are but

torsos. However scholarly the production, this impression must be felt by every student, however well he may be informed. These plays were written to be acted, consequently something can be learned from a production which might escape one in the most studious reading of a play. Mr. and Mrs. Coburn produced "Electra" in what may be assumed a most highly satisfactory manner with reference to scholarship. If here and there the acting fell short of the intent, it was impressive. Simplicity is the characteristic of the Greek drama. The story of "Electra" may be summed up briefly. In fact, the argument of the play as it is given in the bill conveys the story of the action:

Clytemnestra, mother of Electra and Orestes, murders her husband, Agamemnon, and marries Ægisthus. By decree of this unholy pair, Electra is forced in marriage to a peasant, while Orestes escapes death in exile. With the years brother and sister dream of vengeance. Orestes, wandering with his friend, Pylades, ultimately discovers Electra, and their hate and wrongs culminate in the murder of their mother and stepfather. Despite the sanction of this deed by the Delphic oracles, the gods ordained that Orestes shall ever be a wanderer, while Electra, mated to Pylades, seeks the restoration of a shattered life in distant lands.

It is obvious from this recital that the most horrible passions and crimes are involved, and that the most sacred affections are motives, while the most depraved conduct of which human beings are capable of give rise to the action. Clytemnestra corresponds to the most odious figure in the English drama, Hamlet's mother. Shakespeare's religion, however, was not Greek, and he refrained from having Hamlet kill her. In "Electra" the daughter and the son visit vengeance on their mother and their stepfather. This simply would be horrible if the play did not have an ethical purpose, and that ethical purpose is made plain in the production. Of course it exists in the written play, but we are speaking particularly of value, and we might even say the excuse and the justification for the cultivation of the Greek drama by the Coburn players or any other players. In itself it may not be worth the while. As an educational cult it has some reason in it. Our sympathies are greatly aroused for Electra, who has been cast out from her rightly high estate and been forced to wed a simple but uncouth peasant. Mrs. Coburn does not act Electra with the characteristics of a person of high birth, but she makes her a pitiful figure. In the emotional sense, this is extremely effective. We can almost sympathize with her in her design to murder her mother. Complete sympathy is not possible, but if we can be Greek enough in our religious feeling, for the moment, and believe that Electra is carrying out the august and inevitable purpose of the gods in punishing crime, we may permit ourselves to give her our entire consent to the deed. Orestes slays the stepfather. The ethical purpose of the play, which is to "purge the soul," is driven home by the punishment that is meted out to the slayers. That the old classic drama fell into its conventionalities, which were merits at that time, was evident in the use and effectiveness of the description by the messenger of the slaying of Ægisthus, which had taken place off stage. Another old but effective bit of classic conventionality was the recognition between brother and sister. This scene of suspense and others characteristic to the Greek drama were effectively played. The production, on the whole, was impressive. It satisfied the curious interest of the student, and conveyed the sense of consistency and perfect art in its form to all who witnessed it.

The honors of the afternoon fell to John E. Kellerd for his really beautiful bit of elocution describing the death of Ægisthus at the hands of Orestes. It was splendid in diction and relative values. As Orestes, Mr. Coburn was fervent and picturesque. Howard Kyle as Castor, J. Malcolm Dunn as Electra's platonic husband, and Burr Caruth, as an old servant of the murdered King Agamemnon, by polished readings added force and effect. The title rôle, a most exacting part, was essayed by Mrs. Coburn. Physical strength was its only shortcoming. For plastic grace and suggested vigor it was eminently satisfying.

Bangs

MRS. COBURN AS ELECTRA

In the "Electra" of Euripides, presented by the Coburn Players at special matinées at the Hudson Theatre

The complete cast was as follows: Clytemnestra, Charlotte Lambert; Electra, Mrs. Coburn; Orestes, Mr. Coburn; A Peasant, J. Malcolm Dunn; An Old Man, Burr Caruth; Pylades, David Kirkland; Messenger, John E. Kellard; An Attendant, Leopold Lane; Castor, Howard Kyle; Polydeuces, A. C. Carvel; Leader of Chorus, Dorothy Turner.

The production was followed by a performance of "Alcestis" by Mrs. Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff. This poetic drama, written on classic lines, proved pleasant and effective as acted, Mrs. Coburn appearing as Alcestis, wife of Admetus, and Mr. John E. Kellerd as Admetus, King of Thessaly.

White — May Irwin — George Fawcett

Mrs. Jim persuades John Blake to go back to the mine and continue his search for gold

SCENE IN BOOTH TARKINGTON'S AND HARRY LEON WILSON'S PLAY, "GETTING A POLISH," NOW RUNNING AT WALLACK'S THEATRE

How Much Is First-Night Opinion Worth?

DAVID BELASCO told me the other day that first-night opinion of a play was usually final with him. "About eleven o'clock, after the audience has filed out of the theatre, after the lights are out in the auditorium, and the actors are in their dressing-rooms taking off their make-up, I can assure myself whether or not I have a success. Sometimes there are slight deviations from this general rule, for which I make due allowance. The papers come next day with their criticisms which sometimes color the verdict; but I find that newspaper men usually reflect the public mind. If any first-night audience is wholly pleased, if there are the customary evidences of this feeling, I feel certain of success. If that first-night audience in any city in America is not pleased, I know that the play will never be a genuine success, and nothing can make it so. This is the result of my experience gleaned from a great many premières and extending over many years, so it is not a hasty conclusion on this very important matter."

On the contrary, the late Clyde Fitch, who endured over fifty "first performances," never accepted the first audience's verdict as anything more than an indication of which direction the wind was likely to blow. He said that the first-nighters approached the new play as the mob received Marc Antony after Brutus had given him the privilege of speaking over Cæsar's body. If they happened to be in a mood that was receptive to emotion, they were likely to completely turn the tables of precedent and loudly declare the new play to be a success; but, as was oftener the case, if they approached the new play in what has come to be popularly known as the "Missouri attitude," they were not competent judges, and were not typical of the people who would later pay their money to witness the drama.

Nor could Fitch bring himself to the conclusion of success or failure, after the newspaper critics had made their comments upon his efforts. If the reports were favorable, he was pleased but not sure of his work, nor would he accept any amount of first-night enthusiasm as an indication more than temporary of the probable final outcome. After his most dismal first-night and critical failures, he was always hopeful that the big theatre-going public would rally to his standard and reverse the hasty decision of the "Roman mob, which came defying Antony to say anything good of Cæsar." He argued that the big public had endorsed his earlier effort, and that there was no reason to doubt that they would do so again. The fact remained, which he would never concede, that his most brilliant successes had been first-night successes, and that his failures were the plays over which the première audience declined to become enthusiastic.

America, however, has never taken premières seriously, which is natural perhaps because it has never yet taken the theatre seriously. In Germany, Sweden, Denmark, and Italy, first-nights are usually attended by demonstrations almost comparable to election night in America, and frequently they have political significance that is difficult for an American to fully grasp. In Paris an important première prompts the issuing of special extra editions of the newspapers, and the crowd that is unable to attend the performance assembles in cafés, on the boulevards, anxiously awaiting the verdict of witnesses of the affair, and the first gossip that leaks out through the papers concerning the new play and its reception and probable fate. First-nights have occasioned many bloody riots and street fighting that continued until daybreak and after. They have afforded opportunities for

THE VIOLIN

Softly singing, while I, dreaming,
Blend thy tones to muted chord,
Singing songs of half-mist castles,
Castles on a dream-cloud fiord.

As the mists sift o'er a valley,
Lightly drifting, Zephyr toy'd
So thy tones go upward, outward,
Till they vanish in the void.

Sing thou sweet and sing thou ever,
For thy mystic under-tone,
Richened by long years of silence,
Thrills us with a power unknown.

EUGENE BLAISDELL BAKER.

EDWARD H. SOTHERN AS MACBETH AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE

White

HOPE LATHAM

Recently seen in "Seven Days" at the Astor Theatre

demonstrations against the Government, against the Church and other institutions which it is not in the Yankee mind to associate in any way with such a trivial matter as the theatre.

An example notable in history is that of the demonstration against the Goncourt brothers, whose "Henriette Maréchal" was roundly hissed and quickly withdrawn because they were friends and protegés of the late Princess Mathilde Bonaparte, and the marks of disapproval aimed at them was in reality a demonstration against royalty, and the suspicion that a member of the royal family had interceded for the production of a play which might not have stood upon its merits. Another notable first-night, which will remain forever a disgrace to art-loving Paris, was the crusade against Richard Wagner and "Tannhäuser," engineered and carried to a triumphant termination by the Jockey Club. Wagner had his adherents, but the organized clique succeeded in crushing him and his music, which latter was greeted by cat-calls, hisses and derisive laughter. The widow of the late violin virtuoso, Eduard Remenyi, a friend of Liszt, was present on that historic evening, and has told me the story of the composer's sufferings, which are known to the reading world. Wagner was sorely in need of money at the time, and his work had progressed to a point where he seemed to need recognition as never before; but he received exactly $150 for the Paris production, or about 50 cents a day for the time he had labored upon the composition of the work.

Other Wagnerian premières, however, wholly compensated for the humiliation of "Tannhäuser's" first-night; but that event left a sting from which he never wholly recovered. After a part of "Parsifal" had been performed for the first time, with many notables present from all parts of the world, assembled at his shrine at Bayreuth, the eccentric Richard arose and roundly lectured the audience for its imbecilic applause, which reminds one of the similar occasion when Voltaire viewed one of his plays for the first time, and resenting the apathy of the audience, cried out from his box: "Applaud, you fools, that isn't Voltaire; Euripides wrote that."

Sarony

EDITH BARKER

Appearing in "The Gamblers" at Maxine Elliott's Theatre

Premières of some of Emile Zola's plays in Paris caused small riots. Reports of Verdi's "Aïda," which received its première at Cairo, were flashed around the world the following morning, causing a sensation, as was the more recent case following the first performance of Edmond Rostand's "Chantecler" at Paris. The fame of Pietro Mascagni followed the day after the first performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana." A similar fate awaited the composer of "I Pagliacci." Of all first-nights, however, perhaps the most romantic circumstances attended "Il Trovatore," which had not one but two premières of importance: first when the drama was produced at Madrid, and later when Verdi's opera was first heard at Rome. Antonio Gultierez, a youth, had drawn the number that was to send him to battle; but before leaving home, he hastily wrote "El Travador," and submitted it to a theatre-manager. It was quickly accepted and placed in rehearsal, and the première raised the house to such unbounded enthusiasm that the author was released from military duty, became a popular writer for the Madrid stage, and was quite a celebrity at the time of his death. It was this play that Cammarano used in writing the libretto to "Il Trovatore," which marked a critical moment in the career of Giuseppe Verdi. His critics claimed that Verdi having given nothing to the public for a period of two years, was written out and could not produce music equally as good as his earlier attempts. The Tiber overflowed the day before the first night, and people who purchased tickets were obliged to stand ankle-deep in water. They did so, however, and the house was packed. Immediately after the first performance, word was telegraphed around the world that the Italian composer had written the greatest opera of his life, and so far as popularity was concerned, this report was true.

Teikelson and Henry

ELLA SMYTHE

Seen recently in "Alma, Where Do You Live?"

First nights are more uncertain ordeals for the actors than for the play itself perhaps, if such a thing is possible. A triumph at the première for an actor often means a change in his entire career, often is the turning-point from the road of seeming hopeless endeavor to the pearl-paved alley of fame. The audience that assembled in the old Union Square Theatre in New York one night in January over a quarter century ago to witness the first performance of "A Parisian Romance," had little previous idea that a young chap of twenty-six, named Richard Mansfield, was to sound the trumpet that proclaimed him the greatest actor on the American stage. His enactment of the difficult rôle of Baron Chevrial amazed and electrified the first-nighters, caused the critics to marvel, and made him a famous man the next morning. He rose from comparative obscurity overnight, in consequence of a première. This, however, was but a repetition of those historic first-nights, when at twenty-seven a comparatively unknown David Garrick played "Richard III" in London, and made himself the chief topic of conversation the next morning; when Edwin Booth at twenty-five played "Hamlet," and when Henry Irving at thirty appeared as Mathias in "The Bells." Fame does not always come in such theatrical fashion to the actors, however; it was a slow crawl from concert halls and cheap playhouses for David Warfield to the première of "The Music Master." E. H. Sothern served an apprenticeship to the stage

Sarony

MARIELE BONEFELD

Appearing in "The Gamblers" at Maxine Elliott's Theatre

Photo Sands, Providence

JULIA MARLOWE AS LADY MACBETH IN THE SLEEP-WALKING SCENE

Copyright Charles Frohman

EDWIN STEVENS
As Dr. Grimesby Rylott in "The Speckled Band"

that would have discouraged men in almost any other line of business. Nance O'Neil spent years in seemingly thankless endeavor until that memorable first night in "The Lily," which was the signal for metropolitan libations.

Actors and producers, after frequent reading of a play and the customary rehearsals, often so thoroughly understand the locale and action that important lines and episodes are allowed to escape without due emphasis upon the opening night and are totally lost to the audience. Frequently they are little things, but of sufficient importance to suggest abnormalities of construction, their whereabouts and intentions and a score of similar details that give the reverse to the impression aimed for.

The opening night of one of Belasco's recent productions, "Nobody's Widow," affords an illustration. In the first act of the play the various characters in the action are assembled in the boudoir of an expected guest. She arrives, unpacks her trunk, tea is served, and a meeting with her husband, whom the others believe to be a stranger, takes place there—all rather unconventional proceedings in a lady's boudoir! The first-night audience wondered that Avery Hopwood, the author, and Belasco, the producer, would or could permit such a lapse from customary formalities. But the whole matter was plain to them, as it later developed, and to the actors on the stage. There were lines in the play, directly following the arrival of the guest, in which the hostess explained that she had brought the party to the boudoir to show them what a pretty view was to be obtained from the boudoir windows, and being delighted with it, upon arrival there, they had asked to remain for tea and were granted the desired permission. The arrival of the guest, however, who happened to be the star, caused a commotion of applause in the theatre, and the lines of explanation referred to were lightly passed over, so that no person unacquainted with the play received the necessary explanation until criticism of the matter brought it to the attention of those concerned. They could not have detected this detail at rehearsal, therefore first-night judgment was unfair, and had it been a vital incident in the action, instead of being merely one of apparently good taste, the result might have had serious consequences.

The opinion of première audiences has sometimes been reversed, as in such notable cases as "Florodora" and "Way Down East," which were at first thought to be failures and later became great popular successes; but in such instances it is easy to account for the change in popular sentiment and opinion. The Sextet number, which passed almost unnoticed on the first night, suddenly became a fad with the younger set of theatre-goers, was talked about, and finally advertised this musical play into a great financial success, just as years before, for some unaccountable reason, society women made a fad of "Chimmie Fadden," driving receipts in a single week to $16,000, only to withdraw their patronage later, when receipts are said to have tumbled as low as $80 a night. Bits of homely Yankeeism, which then passed as realism, and a few mechanical effects, such as the improved snowstorm, were woven into Lottie Blair Parker's melodrama, which have made it one of the most profitable theatrical properties in America.

Despite the pratings of authors and producers, there is little doubt that a genuinely good play fails to arouse enthusiasm at the first performance and interest thereafter. Written criticism does not always tell the story. Even Shakespeare has his critics. Count Tolstoi and Bernard Shaw in our day would shatter this world idol; but despite their chatter, the Shakespearean plays survive with the public as the best in our language and perhaps in any language. If the facts in the case were known, it would doubtless be revealed that the premières of these days were triumphs. Henry Arthur Jones relates the story of a man to whom a youth remarked at the theatre: "I don't see anything in Shakespeare myself." To this his elder replied: "that is quite optional," which closed the discussion. In about nine cases out of ten the première decides the fate of the drama for all time.

ARCHIE BELL.

A "Frost" in Galveston

By James W. Morrissey

THE actor's snug harbor is New York. "The road" is his tempestuous sea. Much too often to suit his pleasure he must bid farewell to the lights of Broadway and go on journeys of vicissitude in the great interior. The theatrical bark may rise triumphant on waves of applause, or winds of adverse criticism may cast it upon some distant strand. Which it will be, the actor or manager is never sure. That uncertainty and variety which gives zest to life may be found in plenty "on the road." Galveston, Texas, at best, is a long way from Broadway, but there was a time, back in the days of Augustin Daly's management of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, when the distance seemed to me about equal the circumference of the globe.

My Texas experience really began at the German Theatre, on East Fourteenth Street, New York, where Fanny Davenport and I sat in a box one night and laughed so at a comedy called "Ultimo," that at the fall of the final curtain we sought out the manager and made him an offer for the English rights, on behalf of Mr. Daly. He accepted. Under the name of "The Big Bonanza," the play was put on at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, where it scored an immediate and great success. On the strength of this, already feeling the money of the good people of the "provinces" in our pockets, J. C. Duff and I obtained Mr. Daly's consent to organize a second company for a tour. We selected Sara Jewett for leading woman, May Nunez for ingenue, Owen Fawcett for chief comedian, and James Hardie for the handsome lover.

With every part in competent hands we started for the "Sunny South," where we knew there would be smiling skies and thought there would be smiling audiences. But somehow the latter did not seem to go into ecstasies over "The Big Bonanza." In New Orleans, for instance, where one would never dream of such a thing, we encountered a biting "frost." Cold, I believe, has a tendency to contract things. I know that it had shriveled up our bank-roll by the time we got to Galveston. This then was only a "three-day" city, not being large enough to support an attraction for a longer time. At the end of the week we still were there, and after the all-too-brief labor of "counting up" on Saturday night Duff said to me:

"The question is, Morrissey, how are we going to get out of town?"

He was right—that was the question—but I appeared not to notice the remark, that evening having exhausted all my genial repartee on the hotel manager, who had mentioned something about a little bill.

All the next week we played in Galveston, not because we wanted to, or because the people were hankering to have us, but because we had nothing else to do. Our performances had assumed the appearance of dress rehearsals. The bright lights in front looked on; but that was about all. We distributed passes with a lavish hand in endeavors to "dress the house"; but this dress grew more and more scanty, and the company began to ask satirically if we were to make our permanent homes in Galveston. We were on our third week there when I decided on a heroic move. I had mentioned it to Duff, and he had answered with one word: "Absurd!" But he had nothing to suggest himself, so I called a meeting of the company to announce my project.

"It's plain, ladies and gentlemen," I began, "that we have exhausted this community. We can't stay here much longer."

"Oh, I don't know," broke in Fawcett. "The hotel people are cold; but the weather 's warm. I suppose that soon now there will be good sleeping on the beach."

"You are the funniest when you are silent, Fawcett," I remarked. "If you want to talk, if you have any real ideas to offer, take the floor."

"I'd rather take the train," he answered.

"My proposal," I went on, "is that since we apparently have failed at acting, we try our hand at singing. We must do something; so let us sing." A burst of laughter greeted this.

"I mean it," I declared. "In happier days I've heard you sing, Miss Jewett, and you, too, Miss Nunez. Your rich contralto voice should thrill these Texans. You, Hardie, have a lovely tenor. Don't deny it. Haven't we all heard the trills issue from your dressing-room? As for you, Fawcett, you have a deep basso buffo that may give rise to a public subscription to send us up to Houston."

"You're good to say so," answered Fawcett; but I think I'll confine my musical efforts to whistling for my salary."

"Well," I continued, laughing in spite of myself, "you'll all be whistling for not only your salaries, but for your suppers unless we do something. I think that a grand operatic concert by this company of stranded actors will appeal to the Texan sense of humor and fill enough of the empty seats to terminate this stand."

When I had finished everybody declared that they would have nothing to do with my foolish plan; but, proceeding on the principle that birds that can sing and won't must be made to, I announced the concert in the Galveston papers. As I had

Moffett, Chicago

MARGUERITE CLARK
Who has made a hit as Zoie in "Baby Mine" at Daly's Theatre

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Moffett
MABEL HITE
Who is appearing in "A Certain Party," and will shortly be seen in New York

Sarony
ADELE ROWLAND
Playing Betty Winthrop in "He Came from Milwaukee" at the Casino Theatre

Sarony
CHARLOTTE IVES
Recently seen in "The Upstart" at the Ziegfeld Theatre, Chicago

anticipated, the writers seemed to think it amusing that, in our distress, we should turn to song. The facetious articles at first made my artists all the more determined that they would not stand up to be made butts for ridicule; but I pointed out to them that with the announcements out and the tickets on sale, they would have to sing or be mobbed, and so they began to practise. At the last rehearsal I made a few remarks.

"Sing to-night as you never did before," I admonished them. "Sing in a way that will carry them away, and will also carry us away."

When the doors were opened for the concert, and the young men of Galveston began to crowd in, Duff was anxious.

"They look as if they intended to have some fun with us to-night," he exclaimed. "Remember, Jimmie, I'm not responsible. This thing is on your head."

The audience was big enough. I saw that we should be able to leave town in the morning; but as that noisy crowd filed in, even I began to think it would be better after all if we could go at once. After the overture the orchestra gave a selection, which was interrupted by only an occasional hoot or catcall. When Miss Nunez appeared and sang "The Old Folks at Home," the house became quiet and remained so except for genuine applause, when Miss Jewett sang "Waiting." I thought that we were saved, and ventured to appear in the lobby, wearing the broad smile of an impresario on a night of triumh. It was now Fawcett's turn to entertain.

He stepped down to the footlights with an air of much confidence, and announced smilingly that he would recite Shakespeare's "Seven Ages." He was opening his mouth to begin the first lines, when a great howl went up. The house had broken loose at last. Fawcett stood there helpless a moment, trying to speak, while from every side came jeering shouts. There was a bedlam of noise, I rushed around to the wings and beckoned to our comedian to come off.

"What'll we do, what'll we do?" cried Duff. "This is awful! For Heaven's sake, Jimmie, go out and tell them that we'll give them their money back, or they'll do us violence!"

"Not on your life!" I declared. "We'll ring down the curtain if we have to, but not a penny of their money shall they get."

Fawcett was still on the stage. With entire self-possession he stood and waited, as if well content to let them enjoy themselves in this way, of they cared to. The truth was, he possessed an innate ability in controlling audiences, and by degrees our noisy friends in front began to feel his influence. At last the tumult died away.

"Boys," he remarked, during a slight pause, "you have had your fun; now let me have mine. I am not a comedian—you will admit that—and I am not a singer—you would know that if I tried to sing. But I always have had an idea that I should be good in Shakespearean rôles, and I want to get your fair judgment on the question. Won't you listen to me for a moment? Thank you."

Almost before they realized it, Fawcett began again on the "Seven Ages," to a soft accompaniment by the orchestra, and almost instantly had become impressive. There was not a sound in the audience when he ended with the words: "The last scene of all in this strange, eventful history is second childishness and mere oblivion: *sans* teeth, *sans* eyes, *sans* taste, *sans* everything." Fawcett paused, assumed his most comic smile, and added: "*Sans* everything, including salary."

The house broke into real laughter, and the rest of us, watching nervously in the wings, knew that our comedian was master of the situation. He went on in a humorous speech, which he remarked that Miss Jewett had sung "Waiting" because she had been waiting so long in Galveston; that Miss Nunez had sung "The Old Folks at Home" because away down here in Texas she had been home-sick, and lastly, that he had recited "Seven Ages" be-

MARY ANDERSON DE NAVARRO'S HOME AT BROADWAY, WORCESTERSHIRE, ENGLAND

Scenes in the New Comedy, "The Nest Egg," at the Bijou Theatre

Blanche Hall Walter Young Evelyn Varden M. Bratton Kennedy Helen Lindroth Zelda Sears

ACT II. HETTY GANDY'S FRIENDS PRESENT HER WITH CREAM PITCHERS AS WEDDING GIFTS

Photos White Ruth Wells Zelda Sears

ACT II. HETTY (ZELDA SEARS) PUNISHES PANSY-ETTA

Julian Barton Zelda Sears

ACT II. HETTY EXHIBITS THE HEN THAT LAID THE EGG

Apeda Studio

MISS MAY SCHEIDER

New York society girl engaged as first coloratura soprano at the Stadt Theatre, Zurich

cause it had seemed at least seven ages since he had been in Galveston. At the end he said: "And now, boys, we are going to say good-night. We've done our best, and on the whole you haven't treated us so badly. I believe that you are good fellows, after all, and you would find that we are if you knew us better. The next time any of you run over to New York, just look up Owen Fawcett, and you'll see the town in proper shape."

There was a great burst of applause. Owen bowed and made his escape quickly to the wings. James Hardie then sang delightfully. Finally the orchestra swung into a lively air and the curtain slid down.

Behind the scenes we showered gratitude and congratulations on all those who had taken part in the concert, and had been equal to the emergency. Then the artists made hasty changes in their dressing-rooms, and we made our way to the hotel.

It was not long afterwards that we were safe on Broadway.

This was not the only occasion upon which I failed to find the "Sunny South" entirely benign. Once in New Orleans, when the code of honor was still to some extent in vogue there, I was challenged to a duel. Our play was "Anthony and Cleopatra," with Frederick Warde and Rose Eytinge in the name parts. One night, in the strong scene in which Cleopatra falls into Antony's arms when he returns from the wars, I happened to be occupying a seat, and at the dramatic moment just before the end of the act, when the house was hushed, I had my sensibilities rudely jarred by a robust laugh, which came from just behind me.

At the fall of the curtain I turned and informed the man whom I knew to be guilty of the breach that if he didn't know how to behave himself in the theatre he had better leave it.

With this I left my seat and went into the lobby, where I joined General Beauregard, famous for his services on the Confederate side in the Civil War, and Nat Burbank, of the New Orleans *Picayune*. To my surprise, I saw that the man to whom I had spoken, accompanied by two others, was close behind us.

"Sir, you have insulted me!" he hissed with a French accent. "I will fight you. Select your second. This gentleman will act for me. Let the meeting be arranged at once." He held out his card.

I took it, tore it in two and threw it at his feet, at the same time turning my back on him. I heard a slight scuffle, and glancing around saw that my French enemy, speechless with rage, was straining in the grasp of his friends to get at me.

"Come Morrissey," exclaimed General Beauregard, catching me by the arm, "this is serious. You must get away from here. Your fire-eating friend will try to shoot you."

We took seats in the café, and out of the corner of my eye I saw the Frenchmen lead their infuriated countryman out through the main entrance. The General and Burbank appeared grave.

"I think you will have to fight him," said the former, eyeing me critically. Are you a pretty good marksman?"

"Oh, nonsense!" I exclaimed. "I'm from New York."

"I know," the General answered; "but now you are in New Orleans. He's of one of the best families, and your tearing up of his card was a deadly insult. He won't rest till it's avenged with swords or pistols. It's the code among gentlemen down here, and unless you accept his challenge you had better leave town to-morrow morning."

I wiped my fevered brow and informed the General that I would leave the case all to him.

"I suppose I may assume, then," he remarked, "that I am your second. Very well. If you will excuse me, I shall confer at once with the other side. The early morning is the usual time. The weapons we can discuss a little later."

General Beauregard was gone a full half hour, and in the interval Burbank entertained me with tales of duels of the past, in which much blood was shed.

"You had better choose pistols, Morrissey," he advised me, "because your antagonist is an expert with the sword—and yet, come to think of it, he's said to be excellent with the pistol, too. But he'll be so angry that you may be able to hit him first. Don't try to spare him, because he won't be so considerate. These things are hushed up down here. There is simply a quiet funeral."

I thanked Burbank for his kind encouragement and advice; but I didn't like his manner. There was a gleam of pleasure in his eyes that I thought was in the worst of taste on this occasion.

Suddenly General Beauregard's form loomed in the doorway, and behind him was the man who wanted my life, accompanied by his two companions.

"The meeting-place has been arranged," announced the General when he reached the table. "It is to be right here and now. Mr. Morrissey, permit me to present Messieurs Blank and Blank and Blank. They have assured me that the laugh was unintentional, and I assured them that you, as the manager of the company, was prompted only by a sense of duty. Sit down, gentlemen, and let us have supper. I had no intention from the start of permitting you gentlemen to fight a duel. I suppose, Mr. Morrissey, that Mr. Burbank has reassured you during my absence."

The latter began to laugh and the General joined him. I saw then for the first time that the two had been playing a kind of grim joke on me. A little later we adjourned to the Varieties Club.

White

FLORENCE NASH

Who will be seen shortly in "The Wife-Tamers"

Emma Dunn—Stage Mother

IN one of that group of playhouses bearing the potent name "Broadway theatres," a woman weighing a shade less than one hundred pounds draws the heart out of one's bosom and squeezes it into tears in a hand so small that it wears a child's size glove.

She has made indurated managers with twenty years of embittering and drying vicissitudes behind them weep as little children. She has caused calloused critics to shed tears. She has played to each person as though that person were the only one in the audience, and each person has suffered from the force secreted somewhere, somehow in that tiny person, transformed for the three hours of the play into a human dynamo heavily charged with grief.

It is a riddle wherein lies that strength that smites everyone as with a personal blow. "It is in her eyes," says one, and we remember that they were larger than ordinary eyes, deeper, and with an extraordinary power of reflecting grief. "It is her face," says another. "It seems transparent, like porcelain with a light behind it." That, too, seems true, for there are faces that are opaque, and other faces that reflect the light within, and the little woman's is a reflector. "It's her smile," says another, who tried to guess the riddle. "She has a smile that expresses both pleasure and pain." "It is her voice," says one who comes near the solution. "It is a heartful voice." All of these are in some measure true, but they are not all the truth. The eyes, the face, the smile, the voice, are all plastic instruments obeying her bidding, but the answer to the riddle of Emma Dunn's great personal triumph in "Mother" is *understanding*.

Emma Dunn understands mother love, mother joy and mother pain. She understands them through the illuminating memories of her own mother, who died two years ago, and who seems strangely near her when she plays the light scenes, and in the big heart-wringing moments of the play; she comprehends all the potency of love and joy and pain through her own experience, as the mother of a frail baby, who lived for a day, and a robust babe, who has lived to a brown, sturdy, full of promise seven and a half years.

"There are parts of this play so like my mother that they are startling. I think if I had written the play myself, written it out of her life, it could not have been more like her than this play of Mr. Goodman's," said Miss Dunn, who is only professionally Miss Dunn. Personally and privately she is Mrs. J. E. Stokes, a fact of which we had just then a peremptory reminder. The telephone sent its summons from the neat green-walled, green rugged hall to the sunshine flooded green-walled, green rugged, green and gold curtained drawing room, and it was Mrs. Stokes who answered it, Mrs. Stokes who smiled at the message, Mrs. Stokes who came back with a laughing report of the conversation.

"My husband wanted to know whether I had been in the park to-day. I told him I had spent two hours there. He said: 'If you hadn't, I was coming home to take you out by force.'"

Mr. Stokes is the fine looking young man who plays the suitor of one of his wife's stage daughters in the play. The drama makes strange playfellows. "My two hours out-of-doors and my hour's nap before the play are home rules I daren't disobey," she laughed, then tied a knot in the broken thread of our chat, and continued:

"My mother was a reserved woman, and so quiet that no one suspected what she had borne or could bear. I have only begun to understand as I have grown older, and could guess the depths of a mother's heart and a mother's capacity for suffering. In her quiet way she always understood, and always reached out her hand to help. That we had done wrong, and deserved to suffer, made no difference. The helping hand was stretched forth.

"I have heard her use almost the words of the play in almost the same circumstances. And when I say to Ardath: 'I used to think so when I was your age, but when you are as old as I am things will look different to you,' it seems her voice instead of mine that is speaking.

White Emma Dunn Frederick Perry
Act IV. Mrs. Wetherill (Emma Dunn): "I've got my boy back again!"
SCENE IN "MOTHER" AT THE HACKETT THEATRE

"It began with my first memory of her when I was a child in England, and it was the same until she died two years ago. I was then playing Annie in 'The Easiest Way.' I shall always associate that part with that awful time. Now it seems to me she is still stretching her hand out of the darkness and silence, if she can. I don't know the doctrines of Spiritualism. I wish I did. It would give me more strength to know whether that hand was still stretched forth, was still helping.

"Probably I could never have played such a part as Mother, had I not had such a mother myself, and had I not known motherhood. I have had two children. One is romping out there in the park, and I have told her that after a while she may come in and meet you. When she knew you were coming to see me, she asked two questions: 'Is she nice?' and 'Has she a husband or a daddy?' Dorothy is as healthy as care and sunshine can make her. But there was a baby before her."

There was a pause, while the bright little clock ticked breathlessly, and on the light wind that fluttered the green and gold curtain the voices of children at play in the park came to us. The resemblance of Mrs. J. E. Stokes to the Emma Dunn who plays Mother was startling at that moment. The large eyes grew heavy and the voice sad.

"Yes, there was a baby before Dorothy. He was born in a

hospital on the road. My mother was in the East. My husband was on tour. I was young and ignorant of how to care for the little life. He only lived for a day, but how I learned to love him in that time!"

Another pause filled by the clock and the children's voices. "Mother" by an effort dragged her thoughts back from the desolation of that time.

"But when Dorothy came I knew what one must do for babies. At least, I thought I did. I took her to Pittsburg with me, and engaged the best nurse I could find. In a few weeks the little one began ailing. She became so ill that I sent for a doctor. His first words were: 'Discharge that nurse!' I gave up my stock engagement, and came home and took care of her myself for seventeen months. She is sturdy to-day. You will say that when you see her, but her stomach is still delicate.

"I've had her with me nearly always, and I have tried to build a good mind on the foundation of a good body. For instance, I've taught her not to fear anyone, me least of all. When I have told her to do anything, or not to do anything, I have always explained the reason. That has trained her judgment and developed her reasoning faculties.

"I have taught her to keep nothing back from me. I have taught her that whatever she has done never to be afraid to tell me."

Every life stands out as a figure against a background of tapestry, woven of the events of the past. I asked Mrs. Stokes for that tapestry.

"I was a little older than Dorothy when we came to this country. I might quite as well have been born here, for I am thoroughly American, in spirit and every way. No one would ever suspect that I was originally English. I went to school in New York, and when I was fourteen I joined the Lothrop stock company in Boston."

Bangs

EMMA CARUS
Playing Melpomene in "Up and Down Broadway"

"Mother's" mother didn't like the choice of a profession, but relented soon and thoroughly in mother fashion.

"I joined a company in a one-act play called 'Special Delivery,' and played with it for two seasons. Then came an engagement with the 'On the Mississippi' company, next a few weeks with the Hopkins Stock Company in Chicago, then with the Woodward Stock Company of Omaha, afterwards the Woodward Stock Company in Minneapolis. It was while I was in Minneapolis that my baby was born. After that came four seasons in a stock company in Kansas City. There I had my real training, and I owe everything I have done to those four years of hard work and playing everything. At this time I had attained one of my ambitions. I was receiving the largest salary paid an ingenue in stock—three hundred dollars a week. I came to Brooklyn and played a short season of stock at the Columbia Theatre. I joined the 'Wrong Mr. Wright' company and then attained another of my little ambitions. I had been impressed by the reputation of the old Madison Square Theatre, the home of refined comedy.

"'How I should like to play there!' I used to think, hugging myself with delight at the thought. Well, I did, but it was in a play that was a failure.

"Next was a season in Pittsburg stock companies and I came to New York to play my first emotional rôle, a gypsy, in 'The Redemption of David Corse.' We only played for two weeks.

"Then came the most severe blow of my career. I had thought myself considerably bruised, but this crushed my ambition and for a long time destroyed my confidence in myself. I had been engaged to play a part in a new piece. The manager had taken the stage manager's word for my ability, but he was disappointed in my appearance. I saw that the moment he settled down in front to watch the rehearsal.

"'I wanted a blonde,' he said peevishly. 'You don't look as I expected. And for your acting I expected, from what I had heard, to find an understudy to Bernhardt. You are a bad actress.'

"This from a man whose opinion is highly valued I believed had ended my stage career. I went to the country and wouldn't think about the stage, wouldn't look at the papers, for fear I should see the word theatre. It was Mrs. Fernandez who sent for me and pulled me out of the slough of despond.

"'Why should you let yourself be crushed by one man's opinion?' she said. 'You are to take this engagement. It is with Richard Mansfield.' I took the part of Ase in 'Peer Gynt.' Mr. Mansfield is gone and I must say nothing of my difficulties in that engagement. Enough to say that I found myself. I learned to combat another mentality calling up all the strength of my own. I learned for the first time to believe in myself.

"Mr. Will Dean saw me as Ase and wanted me for Mrs. Warren in 'The Warrens of Virginia.' Mr. Belasco took me from that to play Annie in 'The Easiest Way.' I played the part for two winters so that I might be at home with Dorothy. Then came a time when I summoned all my strength. It took it all to leave a management with which I had been happy. But I felt that the time had come to stop and look, or at least, wait for, a better part. I had nothing in view. I just waited for a part that appealed to me, would give me the opportunity I had not had. I hesitated even when it came to me in 'Mother,' for I hesitated to take up elderly parts. I did not want to be identified with them. There was no reason why I should not play young women for many years. But 'Mother' seemed to be the open door. I entered it."

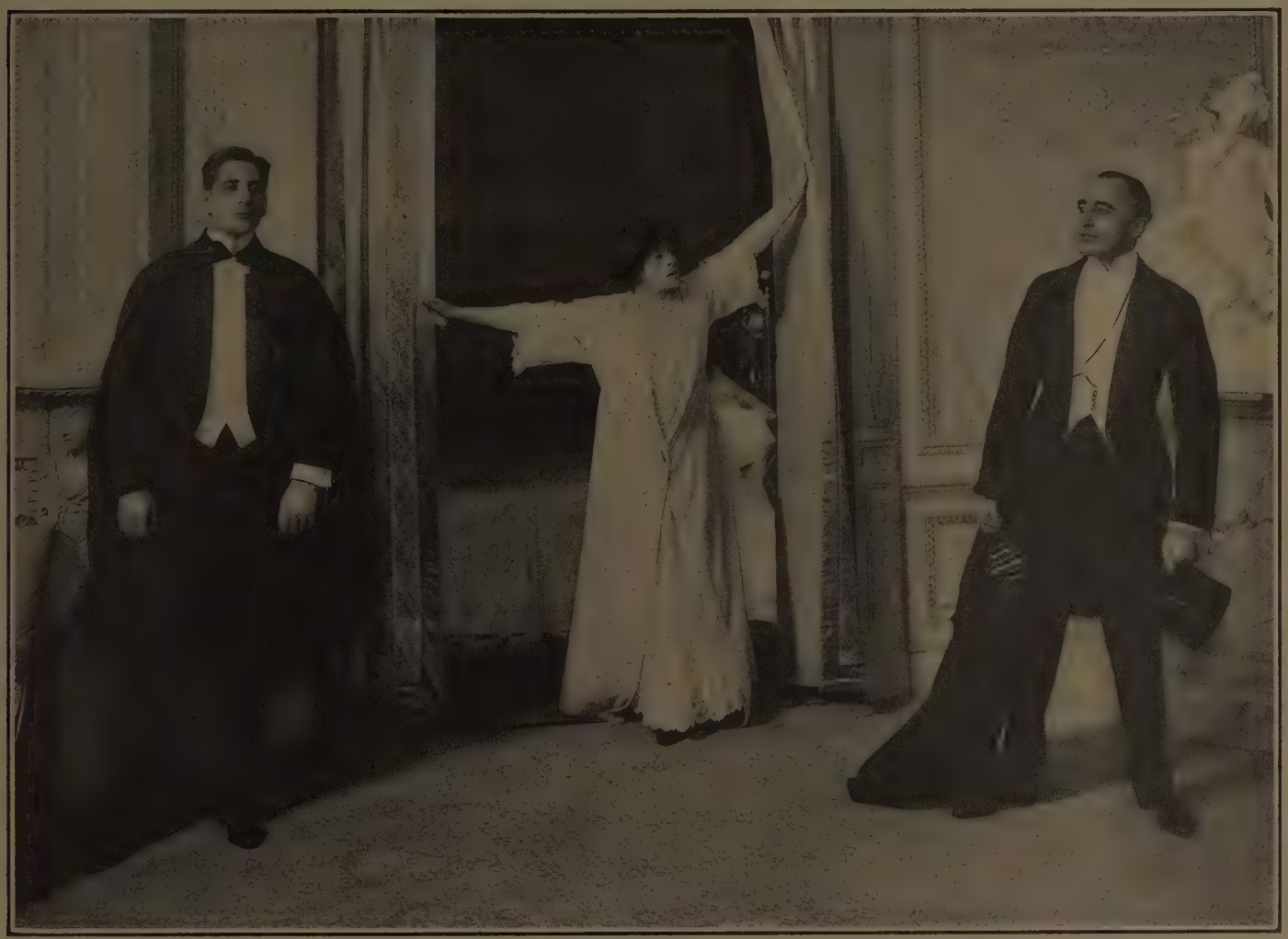
Dorothy came in just then, shining with cleanness, glowing with the autumn air, bright-eyed from an alert mind, and hungry from exercise. She greeted me with dignity, then addressed her mother: "Mamma, I'm hungry!"

It was the voice of exuberant, careless youth, the sunshine that warmed up the coldest and gloomiest corners of the house.

We said goodbye at the staircase and she promised to go back, and drawing the shades in the quiet room at the right of the drawing-room, take that hour's rest before the play, that was one of the laws of this household.

A. P.

Scenes in Rupert Hughes' New Play, "Two Women," at the Lyric Theatre



Photos White Robert Warwick Mrs. Leslie Carter Brandon Hurst

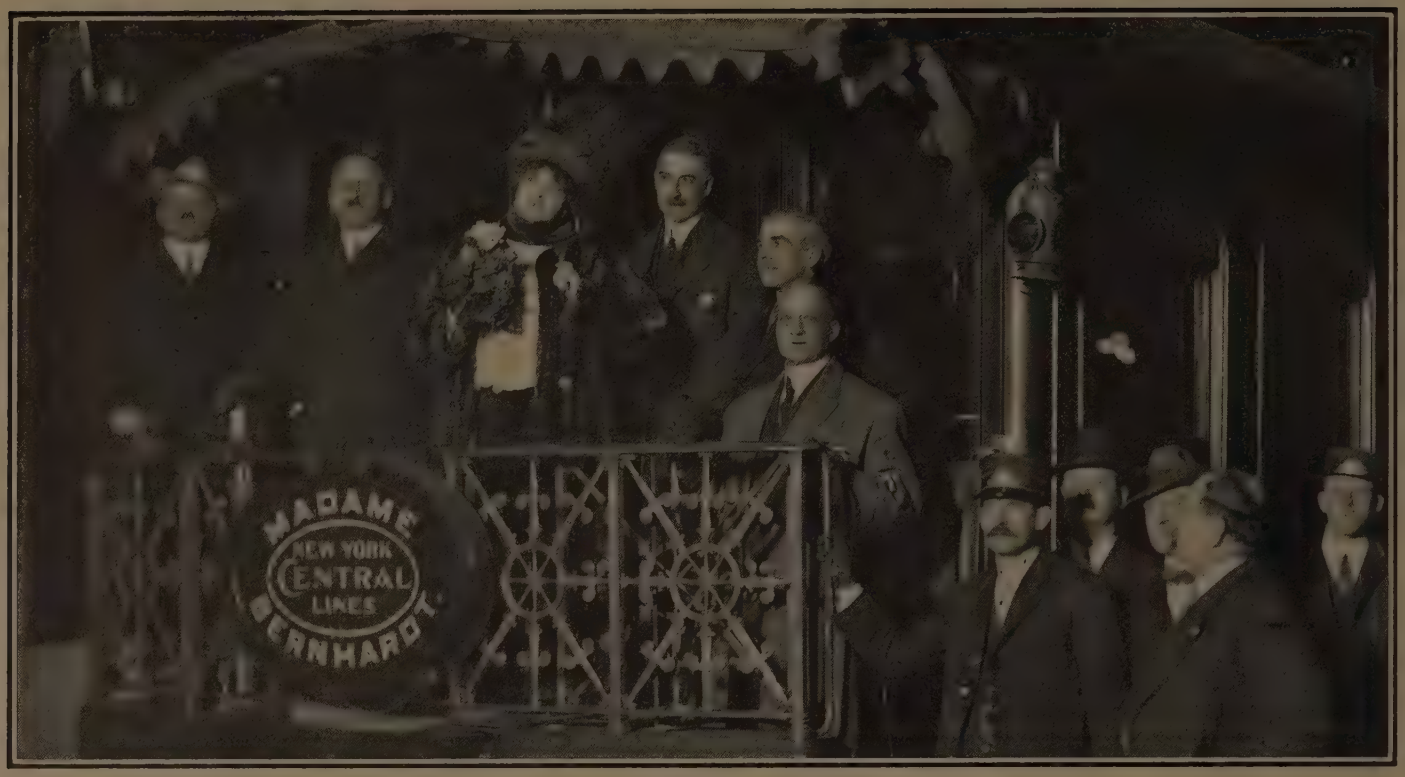
ACT IV. JEANNINE (MRS. LESLIE CARTER): "IT'S A LIE—A LIE!"

Brandon Hurst Mrs. Leslie Carter

ACT IV. JEANNINE: "I WILL KILL MYSELF!"

Robert Warwick Mrs. Leslie Carter

ACT IV. COMTE REMY DE MARGYL TAKES JEANNINE IN HIS ARMS



SARAH BERNHARDT LEAVING THE NEW YORK CENTRAL STATION FOR NIAGARA FALLS ON THE "SARAH BERNHARDT SPECIAL"

One Day with Sarah Bernhardt on Her Last Visit

TALL and stooping a bit, walking slowly as with caution rather than difficulty a woman, wrapped from chin to toe in a brown moleskin cloak, a turban of dull gold from which waved a brown plume on her reddish hair, came out of a private car on the siding at Niagara Falls and crossed the tracks to where an observation car was waiting.

The thunder of the mightiest cataract in the world echoed through the town on the river bank. The mist from its whirling waters draped the figures of the woman, her escort and the men and women who crowded about her, making them look vague and wraithlike. It was a cold morning. The men straightened themselves in their great coats and jig-stepped to warm themselves. The women shivered in their furs.

But the woman who was unique among them stood still as an image of stone and looked at the great double, watery curve, down which a mile wide volume of water fell in a roaring flood.

"You have been compared to Niagara, Madame. Does the comparison please you?"

She turned and smiled at the speaker. Do you know that a smile has depth? Sarah Bernhardt's has.

"I am pleased. Look at the Falls. Should I not be?" She moved as carefully about among her new English words as upon the paving stones covered by the mist from the cataract. "It is a magnificent compliment."

A moment later she had taken the front seat in the sight-seeing car that had been chartered for herself and her company. She stretched her limbs along the side seat, and Mme. Susanne Seylor, a vivacious little woman in a girlish gown and a green velvet hat, who has been her travelling companion and a member of her company for twenty years, flung a travelling rug of moleskin over her, tucked it well in about her feet, smiled at her, chirrupped to her and called her "*Ma chérie.*"

BERNHARDT AS L'AIGLON

Her manager, W. F. Connor, handsome and exotic looking enough to be an Italian leading man instead of an American business man, sat behind and kept an attentive eye upon her. Beside him was a small man with keen face, close gray-pointed gray beard and curling gray hair. His eyes, too, never long left off watching the tall figure in the moleskin cloak, or the smiling face under the dull gold turban. A roguish-eyed Parisian, her secretary, leaned against the door and watched her. A fresh-colored English girl, Miss Ormsbee, sat opposite, alert to the needs of Madame. Two maids, an elderly one in black and a young one in blue, stood as sentinels on duty, and all the more than forty men and women in the car, men and women with the keen, vivid faces of the French, looked at and talked of Madame more often than the scenery of the gorge through which they were passing. She was as a queen with a happy entourage, but how gracious a queen! How lively, bubbling, gay a queen!

A squat, serious-faced young man boarded the car and cried his wares. They were garish post-cards of the scenes through which the special car was spinning. Mme. Bernhardt held out her white-gloved hand for cards, but her eyes traveled up to his neck where, while he struggled to make change, he had thrust a dollar bill into his collar. Imps danced in her sea-colored eyes.

"Give me your cravat. Hi! Come! The cravat!" she cried.

The serious face lost nothing of its gravity. The young man pushed on through the car bawling his wares. The voice famed for its beauty was lost in the vender's shouts. It was the first time the great French woman had failed to capture an audience. When the rear door had closed upon him the imps still danced in her eyes. "That cravat!" she cried. "I shall tell my Maurice that in America peddlers tie their collars with green banknotes."

The car passed a granite slab on the hillside.

Nadar
AS ASSUERUS

"That is where some English settlers were massacred by Indians," one of her self-appointed guides explained.

"Oui! I should like to see Indians dashing down those cañons." Her eyes were bright as those of a child at the wonders of a pictured story book.

"Wouldn't you be afraid?"

"Perhaps. But it would be the new adventure. I have never been afraid in my life, never."

The legend of the loveliest maiden in the tribe being tied in a canoe and sent over the precipice to please the god of the Falls, she had heard before. She had heard, too, of the tragic end in these whirling rapids of Captain Webb. She knew that bridal couples were as plentiful at Niagara as bees on a honey-bearing flower.

All the stories told to tourists she had heard and recognized as old friends. Her deep-set eyes, bright as those of an intelligent child, were most brilliant under their blue-tinted lids when one of her little court-awheel told her that many persons carry to the Falls the weight of a burden that life has laid too heavily upon them and, after standing gazing into the waters day after day, sometimes for a week, spring into the white, tumbling waters and are lost.

"I can understand that," she responded quickly. "It is a beautiful death."

But five minutes later it had been turned to jest in her nimble mind. The car had halted on a slender bridge. The tall young man who will play the Armand to her Camille, and he who will play the lover to her Fedora, climbed down and leaned over the railing.

Bert
AS THEODORA

"Behold!" she cried, "we shall soon have two beautiful suicides."

The men stood leaning with curved backs over the light rail.

"If they fell in wouldn't they fight to get out?" she laughed.

The car swept along the edge of the Rapids. The hungry white waters tossed their spray upon the car windows.

She sat straighter. Her eyes flashed their pleasure in the ominous white waste.

"Extraordinaire! Admirable! Adorable!"

Her loyal subjects smiled and nodded at each other. Her Majesty was in happy humor.

Would Her Majesty stop at the shop where souvenirs were sold?

"Oui! Oui!" said Madame.

Would she wear a rubber suit and go under the Falls?

"Non! Non!" she answered. "I have twice been under the Falls. There is no new adventure in that. But they shall go." A gesture of the slender hand included the company.

But it might be tedious to wait?

"Non! Non! I wish them to see beneath the Falls."

Prime Minister Connor led her out of the car into the low wooden building, and she passed among the staring tourists and townsfolk as a gracious sovereign dispensing smiles. She sat near the window of the dressing-room directing the young French women how to don and how to fasten their diver-like costumes.

"Non, chérie!"

A shake of the head at a mistake.

"Oui, chérie!"

A nod at a triumph.

Nadar
AS JEANNE D'ARC

She laughed as vivid young faces disappeared beneath too large hoods, as slim young figures were lost in enveloping folds of rubber.

"Très bien!" she cried, and clapped her hands as the black rubber-clad company filed out of the room to join the procession into the thunderous gloom beneath the Falls.

When they had gone, she did not subside into the weariness of the bored awaiting their return. With the elderly maid beside her, and the young one following, she went back into the curio shop and laughed at the native grimness of an Indian doll.

"I vill take zat."

"Will you have more than one, Madame?" The saleswoman had almost lost her speech in awe of the personage.

"Yes, I vill have fourteen."

"Fourteen?" exclaimed the astonished saleswoman.

"Yes, for my artists."

Pins and necklaces of Niagara satin stone she bought for the women of her company, and when we had climbed back upon the car she called each of the actresses of the company to her and handed them the souvenir.

"Oh Madame, comme c'est gentil! – Merci Madame, Merci beaucoup, Madame!" Each woman accompanied the little cry of delight with a kiss upon the cheek. And Sarah Bernhardt smiled with eyes and lips.

She sent the huge package of dolls back for distribution among the men. The juvenile lead kissed the copper-colored face of his toy brave.

Madame's brilliant eyes looked back over her shoulder. There was in her face

AS SAINT THERESE

Sarony

SARAH BERNHARDT AS CAMILLE
From a photograph taken at the time of her first visit to America

the pleasure of the mother who has brought joy to her little ones. One had a glimpse again of the fact that a smile may have depth, depth of tenderness, of affection, of enjoyment. We were skirting the quiet green shallows of the river over which a gray mist drifted as a veil blown by a light wind.

"Like New Orleans," she exclaimed.

"When she plays in New Orleans Madame puts on rubber boots and goes duck shooting before dawn," said someone.

The world's greatest actress gave a corroborate nod. "Yes, every time I go to New Orleans I shoot duck."

Round the boldest curve of the Falls we rushed in silence. Awe went before silence, but in her speaking eyes were writ *"Extraordinaire! Magnifique! Adorable!"*

The eighteen-mile ride finished, we raced back into town and Madame, attended by Mme. Seylor and Mr. Connor, went to the Prospect House, that the hostess of the luncheon she was that day giving to the members of her company might be there before the guests. At the door a fat, frantic little creature with beautifully feathered legs and affectionate brown eyes, and a multitude of black spots upon a background of white, leaped shrieking into her arms.

"Peter Pan!" she cried, placing upon a chair the pet that the anti-canine laws of Canada had separated from her for five days. "Peter Pan, tell me were you a good boy? You had good eat?"

"Good things *to* eat," gently corrected her teacher in English.

"Oui, Oui. Did you have ze bifstek?"

Peter Pan licked his chops.

"And ze toast?"

Peter Pan fluttered a red tongue.

"Très bien. Peter Pan a very good dog. I have him three year. My son Maurice gave him to me."

The proprietor of the Prospect House hurried forward. He held before her a register whose pages were yellow and cracked, falling so fast to pieces that they required a back of new paper pasted upon the leaf at which he pointed.

"See, Madame, what you wrote after your name twenty-nine years ago: 'How thankful we should be to the very good God for giving us such beautiful sights!' "

Bernhardt looked at him with renewed interest.

"Ah oui! You are the same propriétaire? Is it possible? I am very glad."

And she wrote after her signature in the new register:

"All is as beautiful now as then, and I am glad to find here the same good proprietor."

A round table near the window in the dining-room was spread for ten, a long table opposite it for the remainder of the large party. Pink roses reached a high summit at the centre, lay in pleasant intimacy beside the plates.

"Je veux manger!" Mme. Bernhardt had exclaimed twice between embraces of Peter Pan, while waiting for the arrival and placing of guests at table, but when, presently, we were seated, her manager at an attentive place at her right, the representative of the THEATRE MAGAZINE at her left, she disproved her own assertion. The soup she waved away.

"Madame eats soup sometimes, but it must be thin. *N'est-ce pas, ma chérie?"*

The greatest woman on the stage nodded at Mme. Seylor and broke a small roll on her plate, but I did not see her taste it. Meanwhile with one of the smiles that causes the receiver's nature to expand—earth must feel so when the sun rises after a long, dark night—her philosophy of life was crystallizing about the experiences of the day.

She had visited the Niagara Falls of her admiration nearly thirty years before, when she made the first of her seven years' visits to America. This was the last time she would see the cataract, except in memory, but she was casting no backward glance upon it. And she was not with folded hands and lengthened face reflecting upon the changes those years had wrought.

"I have enjoy the day." The smile was radiant as a child's. "Life is all to-days for me. Yesterday is gone. It is end, finished. To-morrow is not yet. To-day is here to enjoy."

She ate a third of the devilled crab that had been brought her, ate it slowly, indifferently.

"Madame eats like a bird," from her manager.

She lifted the fork she had laid down and toyed again with the crab.

"My son Maurice say I not eat, I nibble."

She glanced at the serious-faced little doctor across the table. His post had been explained by Miss Ormsbee.

"The doctor is here not to tell Madame what to do, but what not to do."

"Do you obey his orders?" I asked.

"Nevaire!" Sarah Bernhardt responded. *"Nevaire!"*

As the moleskin wrap slipped from her shoulders I saw that her gown was of green broadcloth, with a fashionable green velvet coat, and that over the pale, expressive hands lay long snowy ruching, like that worn high about her throat. The smile that was never more than an instant absent from her face was turned now upon the members of her company at the long table opposite.

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COUNTESS THAMARA DE SWIRSKY, LATELY *PREMIERE DANSEUSE* METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE, AND NOW APPEARING IN VAUDEVILLE

Her forehead was smooth as a child's, her eyebrows strong and darkly defined. The artist who had said that the upper part of her face is beautiful was right. The lower part of it is powerful. The union is agreeable and harmonious. Her mouth, large and flexible, was her most expressive instrument. In her eyes seemed to burn eternal fires. She radiates the impression of pleasure in life.

"I am surprised to find the greatest tragedienne such a happy woman."

For an instant eyes and mouth were serious.

Photos Byron Blanche Bates Bruce McRae

Act I. Roxana: "I buried you; remain dead"

Blanche Bates Bruce McRae

Act IV. Duke: "I'm your husband—it's my privilege to remain here"

SCENES IN AVERY HOPWOOD'S NEW COMEDY "NOBODY'S WIDOW" AT THE HUDSON THEATRE

"I have had a happy life," she returned. "I am fortunate. But I have seen others suffer greatly, for one my poor sister. My sorrows have been for others. To play tragedy you must have in your being a large pity."

"What is the greatest lesson that life teaches art?"

"Suffering," she answered quickly, "and pain. To play tragedy one must have vast pity in one's heart for the suffering and pain that are in the world."

"In this country we have an actress who lives alone, hermit-like, with her books, studying all the time. She thinks that is the way to become a great artiste. Do you think so?"

"Non! Non! Non! An actress must study not books but life. She need not go into the slums to study. She need only regard the cross currents of life about her, regard them with understanding and sympathy. I am impulsive. I do not live by rote. I do what I like."

"But we have understood that you are a tremendous worker."

"Perhaps. But it does not seem work, for I like it. When I have a new part, I do not study it. I read it once, then I think about it all the time. I do not study, I think. That woman you speak of who sits among her books—she will fail if she does not love. We must all love. We cannot shun it. We need love as we need air. The nuns, the blessed sisters, love, for they love humanity."

A critical glance at the plate of chicken the waiter offered her. *"Non! Non!"* she said. "Too much."

Another plate was brought her with a smaller quantity of fowl. She shook her head wilfully, but glanced at the waiter, irradiating his whole being with a smile. When the bit of white meat was brought her, she ate it slowly in the negligent way that recalled her son's characterization of her pleasures of the table. Her smile deepened.

"My son Maurice is the best son in the world. He has never given me a moment's grief, except when he was ill. He is a great artist. He is the director of my theatre. He has written two plays."

She studied the next dish placed before her. She tried it daintily with her fork.

"It is grape fruit, *ma chérie.*" Mme. Seylor looked anxious. "Like oranges."

"Like orange. *Oui!*" The plate was gently pushed back.

Returning to topics of the theatre, she went on:

"The stage in this country most needs a Conservatory. I should like to see established in one of your great cities, perhaps New York or Boston would be best, a permanent, endowed school, where actors would be taught from childhood. Shakespeare should be taught as the chief branch, for he is the grand poet of the world. Ibsen somewhat, *oui,* and Shaw, and Pinero, and Rostand—Rostand surely. There should be dancing, and not much language. The language of art is universal. I should not

ALBERT CHEVALIER AS ACHILLE TALMA DUFARD IN "DADDY DUFARD" AT THE HACKETT THEATRE

want to see there laborious, strenuous study as you do so many things in this great, exhausting country. Two hours a day are enough for classes. But there should be many plays produced and the student should live in a constant atmosphere of art. There should be fairly severe discipline. Artists must not, like weeds, grow in any direction they like, but be as flowers, trained to grow beautiful—each year more beautiful. That is true art."

"Would you be willing to head such an institution?"

"Surely I should like it."

She talked of this season's plans. She will produce twenty-five plays: "La Samaritaine," "Le Bois Sacré," "Romanesque," and "L'Aiglon," all by the poet of her intense admiration, Edmond Rostand; "Madame X" and "Jeanne d'Arc," "Les Bouffons," "Sapho," "La Sorcière," "Camille," "La Beffa," "Phèdre," "La Rampe," "La Tosca," "Le Passé," "Fedora," "Monna Vanna," "Hamlet," "Resurrection," "Princesse Lointaine," "Brittanicus," and the new play, "Judas," by John DeKay.

"This," she went on, "is positively my last tour of the United States. It is indeed a farewell." The words were more soberly spoken than any I heard from her that day. "I had never wished the announcement before my other tours that they were to be farewells, for I said: 'I may go to that great country again. Do not say this shall be the last time.' But I am looking upon these scenes for the last time. This is indeed a farewell tour of America. Next year I shall make a farewell tour of Europe. Then I shall retire from the stage for good."

"But why retire?"

The expressive shoulders clad in green velvet rose slightly.

"It is necessary to retire sometime. I would not die on the stage as Sir Henry Irving almost did. No, no!" The smooth brow wrinkled at the depressing thought.

"It was a mistake that I expect to die while on this tour. I said to an Englishman, 'I have to work harder in America because my audiences do not understand French. I must convey to them by pantomime what I cannot supply them in words. So I find it an exhausting country. But die here, *non, non!*'"

"May you live to be one hundred!" I exclaimed.

Her eyes flashed a smile of thanks. "One hundred and three," she corrected. "A wise old woman told me so by the stars."

Would Madame tell me why one so womanly should choose to play "L'Aiglon" and "Hamlet?"

"I like to play men's parts because they satisfy me here." She tapped her forehead with two pale fingers. "Women characters must love, love, love,—love their sweethearts, their husbands, their children. But male characters are thinking parts. I like to follow the track of masculine minds."

There was a shrill bark, a flying leap, and Peter Pan, plus a pink paper almond dish tied rakishly on his head, sprang into his mistress's arms. Madame laughed more heartily than any of the Gallic actors who had planned the surprise. She tipped the tiny hat yet more over the dog's left ear to suggest the soldier. Peter Pan smiled if ever dog did, slipped off her lap, and capered about the room.

"There was a great actress in the United States. I saw her and said: 'That woman does not act. She suffers.' What has become of Clara Morris?"

"She still lives. *Bien!* She is blind. *Mon Dieu!*" The sea-colored eyes that had laughed at Peter Pan were infinitely sad. A tablet leaped from her purse. "Will you write her address here? *Merci!* She is blind. *Mon Dieu! Mon bon Dieu.*"

On the conversational tide we drifted back to the national need, the Conservatory.

"Pupils should enter it young. They should have intelligence and sympathy. They must have charming voices. I should never take a pupil who had not a clear, charming, carrying voice.

She told me a secret over the ices. Marvel of marvels! She was to appear in Buffalo the next night and she was frightened. "I am always frightened," she said. "On first nights I nearly expire. I am frightened every day. Coquelin was never frightened."

Luncheon had reached the stage of the *demi tasse*. We were soon to part. Her words, as she had looked out at the tumbling white waters of the lower rapids where Captain Webb had met his death, repeated themselves upon memory's sounding board. "It is a beautiful death," she murmured. I asked the vibrant woman of the smooth brow, the eyes behind which seemed to burn eternal fires, the mouth that continually smiled, to describe the death of her desire, to tell me how she would like to die.

Her eyes kindled. Her expressive hands rose in a childish gesture of pleasure.

"It shall be among those I love. Maurice and the children shall surround me. It shall be in the garden, perhaps, at my home in Belle Isle. The perfume of the flowers shall be heavy about me. The birds shall be singing. The sun shall shine gloriously. My hand shall be in that of my Maurice. I shall speak some sentiment that will always be remembered. But, of course, I shall utter no such sentiment, for one never thinks of things to say until afterwards, and there will be no afterwards for Sarah Bernhardt on earth."

ADA PATTERSON.

Aime Dupont

VERA COURTENAY

Contralto who will be heard again this season at the Metropolitan Opera House

Alma Gluck---Youngest of Metropolitan Prima Donnas

NO American-born girl is more enthusiastically American than petite and dainty Alma Glück, youngest of stars at the Metropolitan Opera House. True, since she came to this country at the tender age of six, and has but vague recollections of any other home, she might well be styled an American prima donna, especially since she is essentially an American singer, for her entire musical education was obtained even as her entire career has been in the United States.

This career has been short and brilliant. Last autumn no one outside her own circle of friends had heard of her, when she appeared as Sophie in the first performance of Massenet's "Werther," at the New Theatre, and the following morning awoke to find herself, if not famous, at all events well started on the road to fame.

When Mme. Glück received the representative of the THEATRE MAGAZINE in her attractive upper West side apartment, she was suffering from a cold, although that was the first day on which she had had time to pay any attention to it. She had sung for the three successive days before, and her audiences did not realize that the little soprano was not at her very best. This day, however, she had time to think of it, and in consequence her part of the interview was carried on in whispers, that the voice might rest for the next appearance two days later.

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ALMA GLUCK

"I don't bother about colds much," whispered the soprano, "for I am not much troubled. I think deep breathing is the very best cure for them. Yes, I always sang," she continued, in response to a question, "but without any lessons. I was born in Bucharest, Roumania, but after my parents brought me to this country, I was raised in accordance with foreign ideas. I married when I was very young"—a little seven-year old daughter amply establishes the truth of this assertion, for the mother looks absurdly youthful to have a child of this age—"and until my marriage I had never been inside a theatre. I had a great deal of time on my hands, especially after my little girl was born, and I read and studied, not music, but literature, of which I am very fond. Then, one summer, up in the Adirondacks, I was singing as I often did, but solely as an amateur, when a gentleman who heard me advised me to study, and said: 'There is just one person with whom you should study, and that is Signor Buzzi Peccia.' I was fortunate enough thus to begin with the right person, and I never changed.

"At first I had no idea of singing in opera. I merely wanted to learn to sing well, and I worked very seriously. I think the lack of seriousness in study is one of the greatest faults with our American girls, and explains why more of them do not accomplish their purpose. I used to go to the opera and stand as so many students do, and the others around me were so frequently proclaiming that they were 'studying for grand opera.' I do not think I ever told anyone that. Not that I do not believe in 'hitching your wagon to a star,' I do indeed. But I think one should fix one's aim high, and then work seriously, without always talking about it.

"Another thing in which I firmly believe is the absolute possibility of acquiring a thorough musical education in this country. And why not? There is much talk of 'artistic atmosphere,' and the necessity for going to Europe to acquire it. I do not for one moment believe that. I think our 'artistic atmosphere' is within us, that we create it with our imaginations if we have them. I also believe that the best way to study, say for instance for grand opera, is by hearing operas and great artists, and where else in the world is opera given as it is here? Where else do they have the ensemble of great singers?

"I studied three years. At the end of that time, and when I had a repertoire of ten operas well studied, my teacher suggested that I go and sing for Mr. Gatti-Casazza. This was a year ago last Spring. I went to see him and he was most polite, and made an appointment for me to sing. He asked me if I had ever been on the stage, and I thought it was best to tell him the truth, so I said no. Nevertheless, after hearing me he offered me a five years' contract, and I went home as though in a dream. Of course I accepted it, and equally, of course, the con-

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ALMA GLUCK IN "PIQUE DAME"

Moffett

ALMA GLUCK AS MIMI

Copyright Mishkin

A STUDY HEAD OF ALMA GLUCK

tract was such an one as would be made with an unknown quantity such as I was. But I have been most kindly treated by the Metropolitan people, and, although that contract was for five years, they have now offered to make a new one on quite other terms.

"The following summer I went to Europe with my teacher and we heard operas, and among others, 'Werther,' at the Opéra Comique, Paris. I was delighted with it. When I came home in the Fall, I went to the opera house to find out what I must do, and saw Mr. Dippel. He laughed, and said: 'Oh, just go home and wait until we send you word.' Then he asked me how I had passed the Summer, and I told him, and mentioned how much I had enjoyed the performance of 'Werther,' and how I liked the rôle of Sophie. 'Do you think you could sing it?' he asked. I said, yes; and he said casually: 'You may go over it with Mr. Morgenstern if you like.' I did so, and one day to my utter amazement was told to come to rehearsals of the opera. There was no question then of my singing it. It merely happened that the soprano engaged for the rôle had not arrived in this country; the director, Mr. Tango, was anxious to begin rehearsals at once, and they told him that, since I had studied the rôle, I might be of use to give the cues to the others. I did so for several rehearsals, then the singer who was to sing the rôle arrived, and I supposed that that ended the matter as far as I was concerned. But it did not. The director liked my singing, as it afterward appeared, and the new arrival was accustomed to a different interpretation of the rôle, so, to my amazement, after the dress rehearsal I was notified to report Sunday morning at ten o'clock for a rehearsal of the opera. Even then I had no idea that I was to sing. I went down, and in the subway I met Mr. Dippel. He asked me if I had been at the rehearsal the night before, and when I said no, he told me that I ought to go in future to all rehearsals of operas which I had studied, and I replied that I would be very glad to have that privilege. Nothing more was said. At the rehearsal the other singers in the cast congratulated me on my chance, but still I dared not believe it. There were a number of the directors out in front during the rehearsal, but not a word was said of my singing, even up to the time that I left the theatre. But the next morning there in the paper, among the list of singers for that evening's performance was my name! Oh, how nervous I was! But I sang, and everyone, including the critics, was charming to me.

"During the season I sang eleven different rôles. Among them, Mimi, in 'La Bohême,' in Boston, where they were most kind to me. I sang in 'Pique Dame,'—I liked my part so much in that opera—in 'Stradella,' 'Orfeo,' 'Maestro di Capella,' the Baer opera, in 'The Bartered Bride,' Freia in 'Rheingold,' and 'Faust' in Baltimore. But only Mimi and Marguerite were among the ten I had studied before signing my contract.

"My opportunity to sing Marguerite was another lucky chance. Mme. Alda was advertised, but was ill, and so I was sent. The Baltimore people were much annoyed at the substitution, and complained that it was done purposely, that Mme. Alda had never intended to come, which, of course, was not true. But the day after the performance one of the papers wrote: 'Instead of Mme. Alda a beginner was sent to us. It was evidently a case of trying her on the dog, but in this instance, we beg to state that the dog was well satisfied.'

"I am working on Eva in 'Die Meistersinger,' and hope to sing it. Some day, too, I want to sing Elsa, which rôle I adore. No, I am not afraid of hurting my voice with Wagner, but then I think Wagner should be sung, not shouted, and I intend to *sing* such rôles as I study. It is all very well to talk of working up to a climax in Wagner. Of course one wants climaxes, but how can they be obtained if the singer is singing *fortissimo* from beginning to end? There is no climax then. Also of course one makes more noise by screaming. A cornet can drown out a large number of violins if it tries, but if the music is written for the violins it is presumed that the composer wished them to be heard, not drowned out. I think it is such a mistake for people to speak of Wagner as unmelodic. Why, I think there is far more actual melody in the Prize Song from 'Die Meistersinger,' for instance, than in *Una furtiva lagrima* from 'L'Elisir d'Amore.' Wagner is full of melody."

At this point little Abigail, Mme. Glück's seven-year-old daughter, arrived from her piano lesson. She displays decided musical talent, and asked if she, too, intended to be an opera singer like her mother, replied, with the air of one predestined by fate, and with the greatest seriousness: "Oh, I suppose so." She takes the deepest interest in her mother's career, and displayed the latter's photographs with most daughterly pride, and with decided preferences. She quite approved of the two selected and herewith reproduced. As I left her, Mme. Glück was looking forward, though with that nervousness from which no singer is ever entirely free and especially before singing a rôle for the first time, to her début as Nedda in "I Pagliacci," one of the latest additions to her already extensive repertoire, and one of which she is very fond.

Some day, but not for a long time, "Not until I have acquired the mastery of stage technic which I think it demands," she said, Mme. Glück hopes to sing the title rôle in "Madama Butterfly."

"But that is a long time ahead," she hastened to add. "And, indeed, as long as we have such a wonderful interpreter of the rôle as Miss Farrar, whom I admire exceedingly, it is not necessary for anyone else to sing the rôle."

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Grand Opera in Boston

(*Continued from page 8*)

and was, very happily, available when Nordica was the Marguerite. He sang the Faust music and acted the part as it has only once before been done in Boston by Jean de Reszké in his prime. Well may he be acclaimed one of the foremost tenors of the present day. The Mephistopheles of the Nordica "Faust," Leon Sibiriakoff, was also loaned to Boston. This singer began to cultivate his voice on the advice of no less a person than Tschaikowsky, and upon his début in "Don Carlos" at La Scala, Verdi gave him enthusiastic applause. Mr. Russell believes he is destined to become one of the world's greatest bassos. His voice is certainly very powerful though, in Faust, it is appropriately enough, rather harsh and repellent. But then he was singing the part in Russian—not having had time since his release for this occasion by the Russian Government to learn his rôle in French—and Russian is not a pleasant language to English-speaking folk.

For this opera, as for all given at the Boston Opera House, there was new and very beautiful scenery. The Kermesse scene was not merely superficially gay; Marguerite's garden was a fitting set for such an impassioned and poetic wooing, and the square near the city gates in which the soldiers gather on their return from the war gave one the veritable atmosphere of an old German town. A fresh and very effective touch was the playing of the famous Soldiers' Chorus by a band on the stage as a realistic procession of horsemen and camp followers trooped over the arched bridge in the background. Here as elsewhere the ensemble work was extraordinarily perfect. The chorus knows how to sing, the ballet knows how to dance, and the whole performance reflects the enthusiasm with which Mr. Russell and his co-workers have managed to inspire every member of the company.

Of new and notable productions the Boston Opera House is to have its good share this winter. Debussy's "L'Enfant Prodigue," which won a *Prix de Rome*, has already been given here for the first time in this country and scored a great success. Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" is to be given with George Baklanoff (of whose sincere and manly Valentine I ought to have spoken when discussing "Faust") as the Sheriff. And "La Habanera" will here be produced for the first time in America.

For the first time on any stage, too, Frederick Converse's "The Sacrifice" will be given here in English. This Boston composer has in his new opera employed an American theme, treating it, musically, somewhat after the manner of the modern French school, though it is highly individualistic withal. The period is that of early frontier life in Southern California, and the heroine is loved by a Spaniard as well as by an American officer. The latter sacrifices himself for the girl he adores—hence the title of the piece. It will be a great night for Boston when this production is first put on. Let us hope that the gallery as well as the boxes may be full!

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Plays Now in New York

The following plays were running at the principal New York theatres at the time of going to press (December 15): "Alma, Where Do You Live?" at Weber's; "Baby Mine" at Daly's; Bernhardt in Repertoire at the Globe; "Daddy Dufard" at the Hackett; "Get Rich Quick Wallingford" at the Gaiety; "Getting a Polish" at Wallack's; "He Came from Milwaukee" at the Casino; "Henry of Navarre" at the Knickerbocker; Hippodrome; "I'll Be Hanged If I Do" at the Comedy; "Madame Sherry" at the New Amsterdam; "Madame Troubadour" at Nazimova's 39th St.; "Mary Magdalene" at the New Theatre; "Mother" at the Circle; "Naughty Marietta" at the New York; "Nobody's Widow" at the Hudson; "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" at the Republic; Sothern and Marlowe in Repertoire at the Broadway; "The Aviator" at the Astor; "The Blue Bird" at the Majestic; "The Commuters" at the Criterion; "The Concert" at Belasco's; "The Country Boy" at the Liberty; 'The Echo" at the Grand Opera House; "The Fourth Estate" at the West End; "The Gamblers" at Maxine Elliott's; "The Girl and the Kaiser" at the Herald Square; "The Importance of being Earnest" at the Lyceum; "The Nest Egg" at the Bijou; "The Private Secretary" at 'he Empire; "The Speckled Band" at the Garrick, and "Two Women" at the Lyric.

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Grand Opera in Chicago

(Continued from page 9)

There were moments only a few weeks ago when the business manager, surveying his subscription list and a none too promising advance sale, may have felt his own heart sink. It is true that the great double tier of boxes surrounding the auditorium had been engaged for the season by a representative element of smart society folk. But well-filled boxes alone do not make for financial success. Until the opening night on November 3, when Chicago inaugurated her first season of grand opera, Dippel himself sat, like a general surveying his elaborate plan of campaign, as uncertain of the outcome as any disinterested spectator. Then the doors were flung open. The rush of the general public began suddenly, and the line before the box-office has never ceased to wind itself in and out of the big doors of the ante-lobby. How wisely that campaign has been planned is shown by the steadily increasing business from night to night.

The eight novelties being offered are judiciously interspersed throughout a repertoire of 23 standard works, 5 in French, 14 in Italian and 4 in German. Never before in the history of grand opera has so superb a repertoire been offered the public anywhere during a limited period of ten weeks, with a company of 44 star artists gathered from the opera houses of the world, supplemented by 10 "guest" stars loaned for special performances by the Metropolitan and Boston opera companies. The breadth and thoroughness of the undertaking is a triumph in itself. It is yet too early, however, to know definitely which way the local public taste will permanently incline. Novelties are drawing crowds of curious fashionable opera-goers. Standard works are drawing crowds of less fashionable and very appreciative musicians and music-lovers. Both tastes are being successfully catered to. No doubt there will be a continuous demand for both.

It is likewise difficult and somewhat squeamish business to single out any particular star in an aggregation of 44 to name as the luminary *par excellence* which has outshone all others. As a matter of fact there are so many stars of almost equal magnitude that the entire firmament blazes apparently in a constellation of even power throughout. No one person is really featured, except as this or that artist may have attained success for himself or herself in some particular rôle. Thus Melba has become identified along with McCormack with the chief rôles in "La Bohême" and "Rigoletto"; Gadski and Zerola with "Aïda"; Farrar and Scotti with "Tosca" and "Madama Butterfly"; Garden and Dalmores with "Louise" and "Pélléas et Mélisande"; Lillian Grenville, Dalmores and Dufranne with "Faust"; Lipkowska and Constantino with "Lucia"; Garden and Renaud with "Thaïs"; Alice Zeppilli, McCormack and Sammarco with "Rigoletto," and so on down an almost interminable list, other stars successfully alternating with those mentioned.

One may say, however, without offence to the remainder that the "guest" stars, Farrar, Alice Nielsen, Lydia Lipkowska, Carmen Melis, Caruso, Constantino, Jadlowker, Slezak, Baklanoff and Scotti have momentarily flashed across our horizon with a certain satisfying splendor of their own, proof positive that there is still a little commendable grand opera being performed elsewhere. Though it must be admitted that our own Mary Garden, Melba, Gadski, Korolewicz, Lillian Grenville, Marguerite Sylva, Carolina White, Alice Zeppilli, Jane Osborn-Hannah, Serfina Scalfaro, Frances Alda, Eleonora de Cisneros, Tina Di Angelo, Bassi, Castleman, Dalmores, Guardabassi, McCormack, Zerola, Dufranne, Renaud, Sammarco, Beck, Huberdeau, Malatesta and Nicolay have not yet been put in total eclipse.

Ten weeks and fifty subscription performances in Chicago is not all the labor in store for the Chicago company this season. Four special performances in St. Louis, five in St. Paul, and five in Milwaukee are also on the schedule. Hints flooded the impresario's desk that the thing discarded by Chicago need not seek shelter elsewhere. However the Mayor of Milwaukee with a justice worthy of mention signaled his intention of hearing before he himself passed judgment. Then on January 18, the company begins its tour and will travel over a greater extent of territory before the close of its season than any other metropolitan grand opera company in the United States has ever covered. A season of 44 performances during 11 weeks will open in Philadelphia on that date. L. FRANCE PIERCE.

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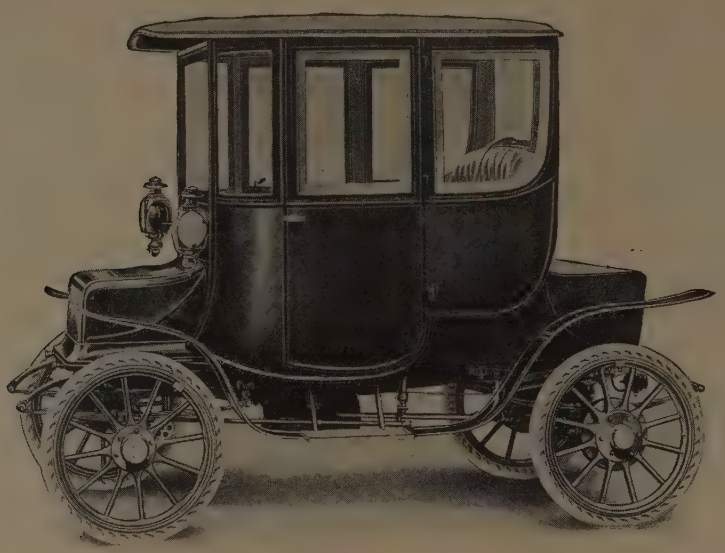

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Puccini's New Opera

(*Continued from page 6*)

in fact the whole performance was an artistic success. "The Girl of the Golden West" is destined to become a favorite of the golden East.

Except for the season's initial performance of "Armide"—which was reviewed in the foregoing number of this magazine—there have been no other novelties this month. But there has been a constant change of principals, lending variety to each week. So, for instance, Nellie Melba returned for some special performances, singing Gilda in "Rigoletto" and Violetta in "La Traviata" with rare beauty of tone.

Maurice Renaud, that famous and artistic baritone who was a member of the Manhattan forces last year, was also seen at the Metropolitan during the month, singing the title rôle in "Rigoletto" and repeating his former success. So, too, Constantino, a Spanish tenor, and John McCormack, an Irish tenor, have both been heard at the Metropolitan and have repeated the impression made at the Manhattan Opera House; namely, that Constantino sings with all too much sugary sweetness and lacks virility, while McCormack has a delightful voice and as delightful a manner of singing.

Also has there been a new Lohengrin, Slezak, who is a giant in stature. He looked exceedingly handsome in brilliant costumes—if indeed they were not too brilliant, and he sang the music very well; but what he lacked were mysticism and poetic charm. In the same performance Olive Fremstad sang and acted an Elsa that will long remain beloved in the memories of those who witnessed it.

"Faust," for the first time this season, brought to hearing a new basso, Leon Rothier, who sang Mephistopheles. He comes from the Paris Opera Comique, and proved himself to be a very useful addition to the Metropolitan ensemble. He has a good, flexible voice and his acting was satisfying. Geraldine Farrar was the Marguerite, and sang excellently; also did she act this rôle with the same artistic distinction that marks most of her work.

Another American has come home to his own land to sing in the person of William Hinshaw who appeared with much credit both as Biterolf in "Tannhäuser" and the Herald in "Lohengrin."

In "La Bohème" Jadlowker sang Rodolfo for the first time here, and captivated the audience by his charm of voice. "La Gioconda" was revived and introduced a new contralto, Maria Classens in the part of La Cieca. She has a fair voice which may show to better advantage in other rôles.

Basil Ruysdael, still another American, a basso, appeared as Hunding in "Die Walküre" and proved an impressive singer if not a particularly refined one. And then in the same opera, Lucy Weidt, a new dramatic soprano from Vienna, made her New York début as Brünnhilde. She has the routine of the part at her fingers' ends and she sings it like a *routinère*, but the voice is inclined to be "metallic" at times.

Berta Morena, well known here two seasons ago, has also returned here quite recovered from the spells of sickness which kept her from these hospitable operatic shores. And so the opera has gone a-whirling through its first month.

In the concert rooms there has really been something new—the Russian Balalaika Orchestra, heard here for the first time. It is composed almost entirely of balalaikas, which are Russian first cousins to our mandolins. But how different in effect and tone! There is here no silly tinkling, but the tone has real quality. These instruments come of various families, from the small one, about the size of a mandolin, to huge ones that rest on the floor, like double basses. The orchestra, composed of about twenty, is conducted by W. W. Andreef, who has spent half a lifetime in training this body of players. They follow his every nod and move, with the result that these Russians produce great music of its class. The way they play Russian folk songs is rousing, and in lighter numbers they delight the hearers by delicacy and nuance.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has also visited us, giving a brace of concerts that were, as usual, models of orchestral virtuosity—and then there have been numberless concerts by the New York Symphony Society, the Russian Philharmonic Orchestra and the Russian Symphony Society. At the latter Kathleen Parlow, a Canadian violinist, made her American début.

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Some Recent Plays

(*Continued from page 3*)

whose sun rises and sets in her husband, a woman against whose absorbing love for her "man" no moral scruples, no feminine tenderness, no maternal weakness either for her own children or anybody else's would weigh for a moment. Such women may be met with in the world today and it is because this new Lady Macbeth touches here, and at several other points, the life of our own time that it is the exceedingly interesting play Miss Marlowe has made it. The greatest opportunity to express this affection came, of course, in the banquet scene where the Lady must alternately soothe and chide Macbeth while all the while putting as good a face as she can on his astounding behavior. Here Miss Marlowe reached her highest power.

The Macbeth of Mr. Sothern is very largely what such a wife would make of him. In the very first scenes we are clearly shown that sensitiveness to external impressions and to his own introspection constitute the greater part of the man's character. That this Macbeth could on occasion be a doughty warrior one had to believe from his physical aspect and from the fight at the end of the play. But that he would easily become a prey to superstitions, and would have very decided qualms about killing a kinsman who was also his guest, his every word betrayed. None the less, ambition has begun to do its corroding work in him even before his wife stings him to action by her taunts and,—more potent than aught else,—her ever more and more insinuating endearments. The problem of the part is, of course, the convincing fusion of an impressively soldierly Macbeth with that of a Macbeth who starts at his own shadow and shrinks at the sight of blood. Mr. Sothern only approximated this fusion. The introspections of his Macbeth were too closely akin to those of his Hamlet to persuade us that they belonged to a stalwart soldier. To be sure, two bits of business which were introduced served to prop up the conception of Macbeth as a pretty weak-kneed person, but is there any warrant in the text for them? Why should Macbeth and Banquo stand glaring at each other after the murder of Duncan has been discovered? And why should the king fall in a limp heap at the end of the apparition scene in the witches' cave? There is absolutely nothing in the text to warrant a fainting-fit at this juncture.

It was the Macduff of Mr. Lewis which, rather surprisingly, achieved a convincing combination of warlike and human qualities. The utter sincerity of this actor's work in the scene where Macduff is mourning the murder of his "pretty ones" deserved warm applause—and got it.

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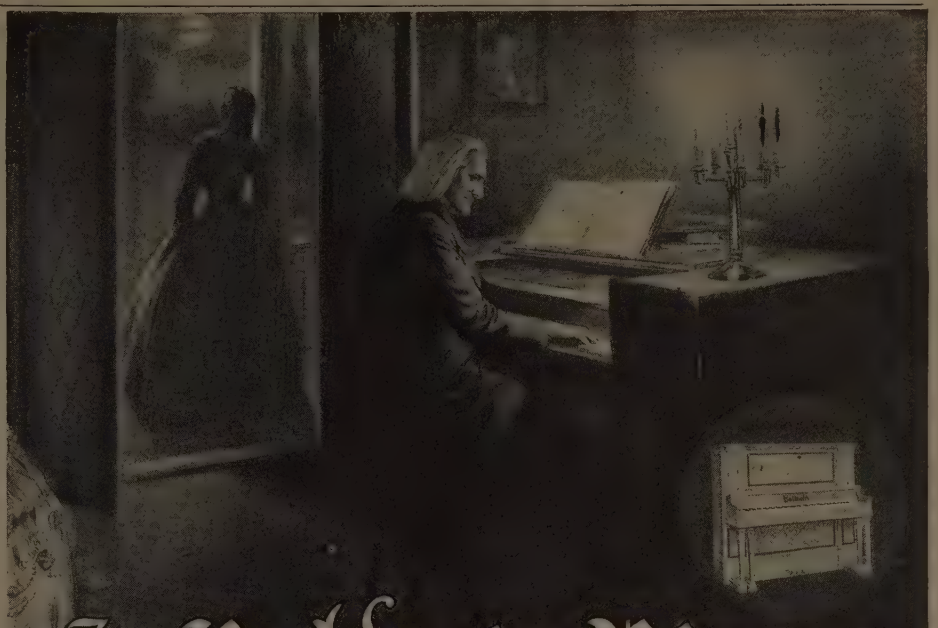

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inspiriting that to see one of her performances must always be memorable. "La Samaritaine," by Rostand, is too unusual and daring for general use. For the first time in America, except for the Passion Play, Christ is made to figure in person on the stage. We have had some approach to this in a few Biblical plays, and yet perhaps this most daring of them all is the most effectively reverential. The single production of the play, however, does not call for any set discussion. The play certainly was not written for sensational purposes or put together by means of devices of a purely theatrical kind. Bernhardt succeeded in centreing emotional interest in a repentant woman In the circumstances this is a remarkable achievement. It is not practicable to enter into a comparative discussion of performances by others in these and similar parts. As to the plays the public is informed. In some of these plays it is Bernhardt's virtuosity, with the addition of personal qualities, that makes them interesting. "La Sorcière," for example, is theatrical to such an extent that only Bernhardt could interest audiences in it. In "Madame X" she is seen perhaps to least advantage. The play affords her little opportunity. Yet whatever she plays audiences feel that they are witnessing the final appearances of a woman supreme in her art.

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Georgie Mills, Blanche Hall; Deacon Adams, Julian Barton; Alice Adams, Evelyn Varden; Pansy-Etta, Ruth Wells; "Biff" Adams, H. Bratton Kennedy; Jack Hamlin, Robert Dempster; Hetty Gandy, Zelda Sears; Norman Frisbee, Walter Young; Virginia Rodney, Helen Lindroth; Wiley Bassett, Frederick Burton.

Miss Zelda Sears is so uncommonly clever in her characterization of a New England spinster, whose dream of marriage is checked and then finally realized, that she reconciles us to a play that at times is clumsily contrived. She is more than clever as an actress. Evidences of her experience and training under Clyde Fitch are apparent in many passages of stage management. It was a characteristic of that master of stagecraft that he gave naturalness to his plays by the constant use of minute details from life. Thus, in this play we have the method of Clyde Fitch when the action requires that the old maid be got off the stage. We have this method in one little scene. She has a protegée, a bare-legged, saucy and independent little girl of ten or twelve years of age whom she has adopted from the poor-house. The moment arrives in the action when the scene must be interrupted. The little girl, Panzy-Etta, is brought on from the pantry for reproval for her enterprise among the jars of jam. Panzy-Etta's mouth is crimson with her feast. This certainly is a harmless diversion and a practical technical expedient. Much is made of this little child, as indeed by the Clyde Fitch method the most is made of everybody and everything, down to the last possible detail.

The story of the play contains some improbabilities, but the spinster, in her naturalness, is proof against them. This spinster, three years before the beginning of the action, had sent herself to the market along with some eggs, one of which she had inscribed with a bit of sentimental poetry and her address. She had always believed that she would hear from her indirect appeal. She now receives a telegram from a man, and is led to believe that he is coming to marry her. She proceeds with her preparations for the wedding. The wedding bell of flowers is suspended over the door. Certainly this is forced, but the dream of the spinster is not. It is pathetic and humorous to see her flitting about and tripping down the steps with a song, dreaming, confident and happy. Her supposed suitor arrives, and, after some misunderstandings of a comical kind, he tells her that he has come to get her to testify in a suit brought by him for the furtherance of the Pure Food Law, the eggs which she had sent, and which had been in cold storage all the time, being involved. She testifies and wins the suit for him. It is suggested to her that she, in order to avoid the humiliation of a scandal if the truth were known, go to the courtroom with the supposed suitor as if they were about to marry. She carries out her plan of deceiving the villagers by going on a lonely wedding trip and registering at a hotel under what would have been her name according to her dream. By a series of improbable happenings her supposed suitor declares himself, and her dream is realized.

Miss Zelda Sears does that with as neat and true an embodiment of spinsterhood as may be imagined. The performance is unique.

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ASTOR. "The Aviator." Comedy in four acts by James Montgomery. Produced December 6 with this cast:

Robert Street, Wallace Eddinger; James Brooks, Robert Conness; Hopkinson Brown, Jack Devereaux; J. H. Douglas, Frank Currier; Mons. Gaillard, Frederick Paulding; John Gordon, Samuel Reed; Sam Robinson, Edward Begley; Joe Hurley, Ford Fenimore; Louis, Wm. P. Connery; No. 1, Cantor Brown; No. 8, Richard Webster; No. 4, William Offerman; Miss Grace Douglas, Christine Norman; Mrs. J. H. Douglas, Emily Lytton; Miss Madeline Riley, Oza Waldrop; Miss Blair, Edythe Thorne; Miss Henderson, Nan Davis; Miss Zonne, Irene Warfield.

The readiness with which our authors (some of them heard of for the first time), managers and stage-managers, avail themselves of ideas absolutely new to the stage, new because they belong to some new development in life itself, is proof enough that our stage has reached an independence and efficiency of its own. It did not take long for the telephone to assume definite importance in plays and obviate a vast number of technical expedients. The wireless was not slow in beginning to sputter its messages. And now, no doubt Cohan and Harris and James Montgomery have earned the distinction of originating and producing the first play in which a flying machine is actually used on the stage and in which the whole action depends upon this new and latest marvel of human achievement. Necessarily "The Aviator" is a farcical comedy. The play probably has not enough substance to endure longer than the novelty of aviation remains itself a stimulating thought. A young man has written a book on the navigation of the air, giving his own experiences and speaking with apparent authority. His experiences are entirely of his own imagination. He comes to a summer resort at the advice of his doctor, expecting to find quiet and rest. His identity is presently discovered, the young women press their attentions on him, and he finds it difficult to parry their questions and sustain his reputation. He is in danger of losing the girl he loves if she finds out that he is an impostor. The proprietor of the hotel and others are so urgent with him to make an ascent, a real aviator with two machines having arrived, that he is forced to prepare himself for a flight. It is easy to see the complications. Indeed, the play moves so obviously that only exceedingly clever work keeps it going. Its motive power is not great, but the swiftness of the revolutions of what there is answers the purpose. There is a very amusing scene in which the instructor in aviation gives the young man a private lesson by improvised means, seating him in a chair on a table and using a hat to represent the rudders, and otherwise indicating to him the management of the aeroplane. This instructor is very stout. The part is taken by Edward Begley, who makes it exceedingly amusing. Mr. Wallace Eddinger makes the most of his pretended skill and real trepidation. Compelled to run the machine, trembling but determined, he sails aloft. During his brief absence telegrams are received describing the wonderful figures that he is cutting in the air. Of course, this is all nonsense, but it is clean nonsense, and as a farce it is successful. Mr. Eddinger is fertile in bits of business, and while he yet has to gain firmness and consistency in his acting, his start is propitious. The rival aviator, an excitable Frenchman, as played by Frederick Paulding, provided many moments of animated comedy. The women in the case are comely and efficient, and the young man helped out the action with their vitality of youth.

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LYRIC. "Two Women." Play in five acts by T. Cicconi, adapted by Rupert Hughes. Produced November 29 with this cast:

Jeannette Moreau, Mrs. Leslie Carter; Comte Remy de Margyl, Robert Warwick; Francois Rosny, Harrison Hunter; Dr. Michel, Arthur R. Lawrence; Marquis Pascal de Foudras, Brandon Hurst; Duc de Lissac, Harry G. Carlton; Prince Kalaieff, Francis Hanna; Pierre, Harry Semels; Conde de Andalucia, A. M. Monteagudo; Mme. Yvonne Derval, Helen Tracy; Mitzy Gallipaux, Lillian Cahill; Celeste, Mlle. Andree Corday.

An actor without fine intelligence is not worth considering. The better part of acting consists in analytical capacity of mind and sympathetic qualities of the heart. These things cannot be taught. They are fundamental. Mrs. Leslie Carter can act because, first of all, she is a woman of intelligence, and has been grounded in her art by the best possible instruction. It is not easy to measure qualities of the heart, for acting, in one of its aspects, is simulation. Actors readily deceive themselves in their emotions or rather in the effects produced on an audience. "Two Women," the play in which she is now appearing, is without one particle of truth or genuine emotion. It is reminiscent of "Camille" and scores of similar plays evoked by it. In its superabundant little details there may be found theatrical merit, but the play itself misses its own aim.

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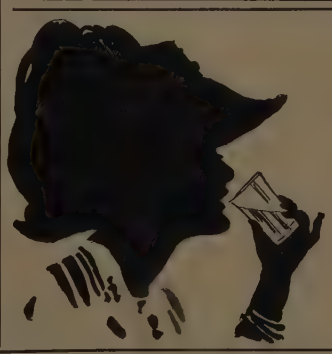

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Much more than ordinary resourcefulness and skill are manifest in it as a production. It has handsome interiors, a glittering ballroom scene and attractive costumes, but only here and there does the action touch a true note. A young man who, for some reason that is not clear, cannot "claim his title," is penniless and lives with his beautiful wife in an humble cottage. He uses his wife as a model, but she, poor creature, weak and wasted away by starvation, lies down on the bed in a curtained alcove to rest and dies without a murmur. He is disconsolate. Months or years later, the time being of no consequence, he meets a ballet girl at a public ball, who is the counterpart of the loved and lost one. She consents to sit for him so that he may complete the unfinished portrait of his wife. The scene changes back to the cottage. She falls in love with him, but leaves him when she finds that he still loves the memory of his dead wife. She goes back to her lover, who provides the play with an expensive interior, walls with decorated panels and the like. The artist comes for her. He must finish the portrait. He fights a duel with the jealous lover. The scene changes back to the cottage. The artist is now blind, the jealous lover having provided the situation. The artist, not being able to see his model who is in the room, declares his love for her in a soliloquy, and she, just as she was about to slip out of the door and return to the follies of Paris, rushes to his arms. There are passages in the play that would be very good if they were true. In the present demand for plays of any kind it may serve for the season. With the right kind of play Mrs. Carter's popularity will continue.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
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HERALD SQUARE. "THE GIRL AND THE KAISER." Operetta in three acts. Book by Bernhard Buchbinder. Music by Georg Jarno. English version by Leonard Liebling. Produced November 22 with this cast:

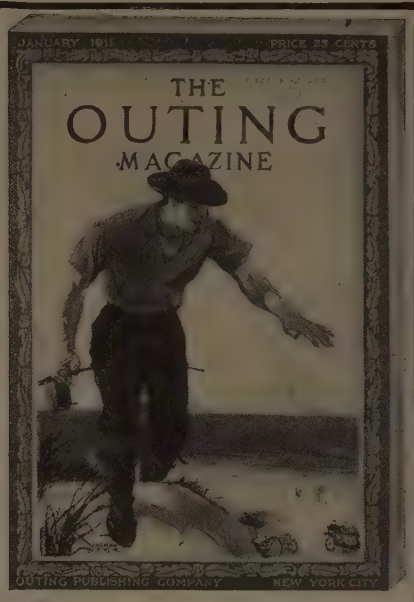
Kaiser Josef II, Julius McVicker; Baron von Loeben, Melvin Stokes; Von Reuter, Robert Vivian; Count Sternfeld, Robinson Newbold; Tibor Berenyi, William Bonelli; Franz Foldessy, Thomas Richards; Hans Lange, Albert Wilder; Peter Wenzel, Harry Connor; Ludwig, George Leonard; Sergeant Kolonitzky, Alfred Darling; Baroness von Graven, Flavia Arcaro; Countess von Rendorff, Mabel Weeks; Minka, Edith Decker; Christ'l, Lulu Glaser.

Still another evidence of the advance in light musical matters is to be seen at the Herald Square Theatre, where "The Girl and the Kaiser" has met with genuine critical and popular favor. The tinkly-tinkly score which for so long a time held sway on Broadway is being relegated to the past, and in its stead real music of genuine melody and artistic composition is taking its place. "The Merry Widow" set the pace, which others have followed with happy results. Georg Jarno is the composer of the new entertainment which serves to re-introduce Lulu Glaser as a star, and right well has he performed his task. It is not simple music by any means that he has written, but it has color, form and melody. If anything it is almost too good, as many of the principals to say nothing of the chorus, have difficulty as to tone pitch and time in doing it full justice. The orchestration is particularly rich and full. It is a pretty and picturesque story which Bernhard Buchbinder has evolved. The English version, commendably free from the vulgarity and coarse local gags which on Broadway too often pass muster for humor, is the work of Leonard Liebling, a clever journalistic wit, whose "Variations" in the *Musical Courier* have long been one of the brightest features of that journal.

Kaiser Josef II, near a forester's lodge outside of Vienna, carries on a flirtation with Christ'l, the forester's daughter. Fate takes her to Vienna, where the political fortunes of Franz Foldessy, her fiancé, are involved, and amid the usual misunderstandings Christ'l learns of the identity of her imperial admirer. A final result is reached which is in full conformity with the ideas of convention.

Always ebullient, jolly and magnetically alert, Lulu Glaser romps through the piece in a way that wins her abundant success, while the Kaiser is portrayed with real dignity, distinction and charm by Julius McVicker. There is a manly, good looking and tuneful hero in the person of Thomas Richards. Edith Decker sings with fluency and correctness in the rôle of Minka, and the numerous subsidiary parts are neatly and effectively characterized. Harry Connor, who originally appeared in the rôle of the little court tailor, retired early from the cast, his place being taken by John Slavin, a comedian of resourceful methods, but not seen at his best in this part.

The production is a sumptuous one. But Mr. Melville Ellis should remove those palace hangings. They mar an otherwise charming and really beautiful color scheme. Mauve and scarlet do not blend.



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HACKETT. "Daddy Dufard." Comedy in three acts by Lechmere Worrall and Albert Chevalier. Produced December 6 with this cast:

Achille Talma Dufard, Albert Chevalier; Rose Dufard, Violet Heming; Paul Hammond, A. Hylton Allen; Celia Fitzjames, Frankie Raymonde; Grover Toft, Leslie Kenyon; Bert Cole, Claude H. Cooper; Mme. Poulard, Mary E. Barker; Joseph Fontaine, Arthur Brankston; The Great Jolly, Harry Brett; Otto Meyenberg, Louis Hendricks; Cesare Golitti, Horace Mitchell; Mark Heinie, John C. Holliday; Sir John Baines, John Blackmore; Marie, Grace Illingworth; Jackson, C. L. Emerson; Manager Welland, Robert Martin; Box Office Clerk, Stephen Joy; Florist's Boy, James L. Foster; Mabel, Alice Johnson; Robert Burton, J. Sebastian Smith; Commissionaire, Gus Stinson; Signor Gilfonti, Harry Le Grange; Mr. Saunders, Walter E. Johnson.

Chevalier, the great exponent of "costermongery," has elected to make his first appearances in America as a straight comedian. On the program it is announced that this character comedy, as it is styled, is indebted to an old French play for the title rôle and for an incident in the last scene of the final act. The original would seem to be "Le Père d'une Débutante," which F. S. Chanfrau made famous years ago.

Daddy Dufard is an old French actor with a daughter whom he adores. Professional jealousy would keep her from creating the principal rôle in a sketch which her fiancé has written, but the old gentleman by his adroitness and ingenuous plausibility revives his fallen fortunes, launches his beloved daughter with tremendous acclaim upon the theatrical sea and secures for her a devoted husband. The celebration of his birthday is the first act, and the various characters are introduced while Dufard projects his character each rôle "feeding him," as theatrical parlance goes, with loyal devotion. His rendering of the French *chanson*, which brings the first curtain down, is a gem of polished execution. The old gentleman's excitedness on the eve of his daughter's début is expressed with humor and finished detail, but the rendition as a whole lacks the direct note of simplicity to make it a big creation. In the music hall scene the actor appears in his famous specialty and denotes the coster spirit with all his old-time humor, pathos and charm.

GARRICK. "The Speckled Band." Play in three acts by Arthur Conan Doyle. Produced November 21 with this cast:

Dr. Grimesby Rylott, Edwin Stevens; Enid Stonor, Irene Fenwick; Mrs. Staunton, Katherine Brook; Rodgers, John Findlay; Ali, an Indian, H. H. McCollum; Mr. Scott Wilson, Cyril Chadwick; Mr. Armitage, Ben Field; Mr. Longbrace, Alexander Frank; Mr. Brewer, Ivan F. Simpson; Inspector Downing, W. Coats Bush; Coroner's Officer, John M. Troughton; Mr. Holt Loaming, Frank Shannon; Mr. James B. Montagu, W. Soderling; Mr. Milverton, Ivan F. Simpson; Billy, Kenneth Meinken; Dr. Watson, Ivo Dawson; Peters, C. Later; Mr. Sherlock Holmes, Charles Millward.

At one time the authors of successful books were content to permit their transformation into plays through the agency of those expert in such matters. Whether it is a desire for greater honors or the more prosaic inclination for additional royalties is hard to determine, but many writers of books are now becoming their own dramatists. Experience would seem to show that this is a short-sighted policy, and an example in particular point is that of Sir Conan Doyle who, under the same title, has made a play out of "The Speckled Band." Its recent limited run at the Garrick demonstrates its inferiority to the Gillette version of the adventures of Sherlock Holmes or that popular interest is waning in the exploits of that dopy yet alert detective.

COMEDY. "I'll Be Hanged If I Do." Farce in three acts by Edgar Selwyn and William Collier. Produced November 28 with this cast:

Hi Low, Stanley Murphy; Hiram Kelly, Frederick Esmelton; Frank Sinclair, Willard R. Feeley; Percival Kelly, William Collier; Mrs. Sinclair, Clare Reynolds Smith; Celia Sinclair, Maud Gilbert; Samson, James B. Sheeran; Peaceful, M. L. Heckert; Slattery, Stephen Maley; Gabby, Willard R. Feeley; Mar'm Sanderson, Helena Collier Garrick; Murphy, John B. Adams; Binks, William Collier, Jr.; Happy Stokes, Richard Malchien; Bonny, Paula Marr; Bob Carter, Thos. Beauregard; Bill Sanderson, Thos. Findlay; Handsome, Sallie Tompkins; Bartender, Thos. Stewart; Ginger, F. Norley; Dry Pan, J. J. Boyle; Tony, James B. Sheeran; Pete, Albert West; Mrs. Callahan, Flora Beasley; Gwendolyn Shoots, Sadie Wright.

That irrepressible quick-fire comedian, William Collier, opened his season at the re-christened William Collier Comedy Theatre with a characteristic farce written by himself and Edgar Selwyn. The piece has little plot to boast of, but it keeps the audience in an uproar of laughter, and so serves its one purpose which is merely to amuse. Mr. Collier appears as Percival Kelly, a youth so careless that he quite forgets his appointment to marry Celia Sinclair at Grace Church. His father packs him off to the West, and in a mining town of Nevada he meets with all kinds of adventures until, after narrowly escaping with his life, he wins a fortune and a wife. Mr. Collier plays the part in his usual slap-dash manner, and succeeds in making things hum from start to finish. Theatregoers fond of "breezy" entertainment will like the piece.

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Important Announcement

In 1901, when we first conceived of the plan of issuing the THEATRE MAGAZINE, we met with but scant encouragement. The players, the theatre-managers, the dramatists, who should have welcomed a publication of high-class character connected so closely with their own profession, a magazine sumptuous in appearance and with text written by the foremost dramatic writers of the day, were frankly sceptical. They did not believe there was room in this country for such a publication. They were mistaken and to-day they confess their error. We did not need the theatrical profession to insure our success. The THEATRE MAGAZINE pleased the general public and to-day it is read by hundreds of thousands of persons, wherever people are interested in the theatre.

This unprecedented success has so encouraged us that we are now about to launch into an even more ambitious venture—the publication of a

Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage

EXPOSÉ OF THE GENERAL SCOPE

This work will embrace the history of the drama in all its branches; the biographies of the most prominent actors, dramatists, managers; in short, of all people of importance who were and are connected with the theatre throughout the world.

The technics of the drama, from the Greek period to the present day, will form a special feature of the work. Similar care will be devoted to the detailed history of the principal theatres of the world, ancient and modern, also to the descriptions, synopses of the plays, operas, oratorios, etc.

This is the first attempt yet made in the literature of any nation to sum up, in scientific fashion and absolute impartiality, the development of the theatre in all its manifestations. The task is a heavy one and loaded with responsibilities. The undersigned trust, therefore, they may count on the support of everyone who has the interests of the theatre at heart.

The editorial direction of the Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage will be entrusted to a group of leading authorities; these will be aided in their work by an advisory board composed of the most eminent persons in the theatrical world, here and abroad.

It is time that the art of the stage be given its true dignified place among the liberal arts of the world. We expect this Encyclopedia will aid in effecting this desired aim, and to make this accomplishment doubly sure, we earnestly ask for the moral and practical co-operation of all those who have the higher interests of the stage earnestly at heart.

THE PUBLISHERS

Complete descriptive circular will be mailed upon request.

The Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage

will be published in 12 volumes of 600 pages each, with 3,000 illustrations. It will be issued in cloth binding at $60.00 per set; in half morocco binding, $72.00; in full morocco binding, $84.00 per set.

Subscriptions are received now, to be paid only as issued.

Prices will be increased after the publication of Vol. I.

A FEW ENDORSEMENTS

BRANDER MATTHEWS

I have no doubt that a Universal Cyclopedia of the Stage will have a distinct utility of its own, especially at the present time when the outlook for the drama of our language is brighter than it has been for more than two centuries.

DAVID BELASCO

Replying to your letter of February first, regarding your forthcoming Encyclopedia of the Stage, please accept my congratulations and best wishes for this splendid project. You ask for an expression of my opinion. About all I can say off-hand is that such a work cannot fail to fill a long-felt want. The more I think of it the more amazed I am that the compilation of such a work has been deferred so long. We have encyclopedias, anthologies, commentaries and every other sort of reference book on every other sort of subject save that of the drama and the stage. You may certainly depend upon my giving you all the moral and practical co-operation within my power.

HENRY W. SAVAGE

I am much interested in the projected Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage, and believe that it will serve a very valuable purpose. I shall be glad to lend you every aid possible in the matter.

FRANCIS WILSON

If you carry out your design with respect to a Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage, you will give students and scholars a much and long needed work of reference. I shall be glad to aid you in any way in my power, believe me. Such an undertaking, skilfully performed, will need much moral and practiced co-operation, and it shall surely have it from me.

As chairman of the Art and Literature Committee of the Players, I shall be glad to welcome such a work to our shelves and also to my own library.

HENRIETTA CROSMAN

I am in hearty accord with the movement, and will co-operate in any way to make it a success.

MARTHA MORTON

Dr. Singer has spoken to me about compiling a Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage. The magnitude of this idea impressed me very much. Such a book of reference, carried out exhaustively as Dr. Singer intends, has long been wanted by authors, managers, actors and all interested in or connected with the drama, and should make a decided success.

C. RANN KENNEDY

I am awfully glad to see that the Encyclopedia is now well on the way. It ought to be of incalculable use to all of us. I shall certainly take the first opportunity of calling on you to discuss the matter you mention.

EUGENE D'ALBERT

The work that you proposed to me in your favor of March the ninth finds my fullest interest, and you can be assured of my co-operation when my time will allow it.

HENRY MILLER

Your publication of an Encyclopedia of the Stage will doubtless be appreciated not by the theatrical profession alone, but by all interested in the drama.

Please place my name on the subscription list, and I am looking forward with pleasant anticipation to the completion of your remarkable work.

HERBERT DUCE

I am very much interested in your contemplated publication of an Encyclopedia of the Stage. I shall be glad to receive further information about it from time to time.

J. E. DODSON

I think your Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage a splendid conception, and you may certainly count upon my earnest and humble co-operation.

I think the dramatic profession already owes your firm a debt of gratitude for the accurate and dignified way in which it is represented in the THEATRE MAGAZINE.

JULES CLARETIE

Director of the Theatre Francais, Member of the French Academy

A publication as interesting and as important as the one projected by the THEATRE MAGAZINE will be most useful to the dramatic arts and will be most welcome by the public, whose taste for the best on the stage increases each day.

CHARLES BURNHAM

I think the idea suggested in your letter of the 1st inst. is excellent, and would be of great benefit to the theatre; and if there is anything I can do to further it I shall be glad to do so.

JEFFERSON DE ANGELIS

I am delighted to learn that so important a publication as an Encyclopedia of the Stage is about to be issued. It will, undoubtedly, be a great acquisition to the literary world, and a work of much interest and value to all who are interested in the theatre. If in my small way I can be of any service to you, I will be most happy to do so.

CHRYSTAL HERNE

Your project is very big and very worthy, and if carried to fulfilment on the lines you lay down, should be of tremendous value in helping to uphold the art of acting, and place it in its true place of dignity and books among the liberal arts.

C. E. KENNEDY

I think your proposed publication will be a very interesting work, and highly prized by any one either on or interested in the stage.

DAVID WARFIELD

Please pardon me for not acknowledging sooner your letter announcing a forthcoming Encyclopedia of the Stage. I am looking forward to its appearance with much interest, because the imprint of your house always means literary excellence, reliability and good taste in the wit of the printer and the binder.

Good luck to the new literary offspring!

E. J. SULLIVAN

As outlined, the work should be of especial interest to laymen as well as to those intimately connected with the theatre and its work.

There has been a long-felt want for such a book, and I am sure that your efforts will be heartily appreciated by those who regard the stage as something else than a medium of amusement and ocular delight. I wish you the heartiest success in the undertaking.

CHARLES KLEIN

I will become a member of the Comité de Patronage of One Hundred, if you think I can be of any service to you. Your project is certainly a most worthy one, and should succeed in spite of the immense obstacles confronting you. In any event, you may count on me to do whatever is in my power to further the same.

CHARLES SWEETON

Your Encyclopedia of the Stage, which should have the co-operation of every one connected with the profession, and I am sure that this encyclopedia would be worthy of space in the libraries of all interested in theatricals.

I trust I may have the pleasure of seeing this work at an early date, and wish you every success in this accomplishment.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

I want to congratulate you on your great undertaking of producing the Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage. That the work will be meritorious and artistic, I do not question, and I sincerely hope that its financial success will be equally great.

PERCY MACKAYE

Your project is, indeed, important and interesting, and I shall be glad to be of service to it within the restrictions of my now crowded time and work.

EDWIN ARDEN

You, of course, have my moral support, but if you would specialize, I might be of some real assistance.

LAURA BURT

I think your scheme a most magnificent one. I am willing to do anything in my power for its success.

PETER DAVEY

I am much obliged by your circular, and shall await the issue of the book with very great interest. You do not say what it is to cost.

GEORGE P. BAKER

I am, of course, interested by your announcement in regard to a Universal Encyclopedia of the Stage, and I hope you will keep me informed as your plans develop.

FREDERIC DE BELLEVILLE

I beg to say your magnificent and almost herculean task deserves every commendation. I do not know of any such work in existence.

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EUROPEAN NEWS

BY PETRONIUS

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MADEMOISELLE LANTELME OF THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE

The World of Music, Drama and Fashion Abroad

Copyright Boissonnas, Taponier
MADAME LYDIA YAWORSKAIA (PRINCESSE BARIANTINSKY)

PARIS, December 5, 1910.

TO the devotees of music the publication of the program of the Opera Comique is always eagerly anticipated. Following the traditions of that house the able director, M. Albert Carré, has recently presented his program for the season of 1910-11. For the present I shall limit myself to giving the names of the principal new works, leaving to later chronicles the analyses of their results.

The first of these works is "Macbeth;" the libretto, taken from Shakespeare, is by M. Fleg. The composer is a young man, whose first attempt this is, M. Ernest Bloch. This tragedy is divided into three acts and seven tableaux, of which one is the prologue. Following this we shall have "L'Ancêtre" by M. Camille Saint-Saëns, a work which was presented for the first time at the Théatre du Cercle in Monte Carlo. M. Massenet, another of the great French composers, will have his opera "Thérèse" presented some time in April. This also was first presented at Monte Carlo.

Among the revivals announced are: the three hundredth performance of "Louise"; "Pélléas et Mélisande" by M. Claude Debussy, which will be sung by Jean Périer and the exquisite Madame Marguerite Carré; "Les Contes d'Hoffmann" of Offenbach, which, to the great enjoyment of the public, M. Carré proposes to present with entirely new scenery and costumes. Then last but not least, Wagner's "Le Vaisseau Fantome," in which will appear Mlle. Chenal, whose praises I do not need to sing to you.

With such a combination of artists the season at the Opera Comique promises to be exceptionally brilliant, and the American colony is certain to applaud this magnificent and elaborate program.

To make it still more interesting the Opera Comique is the favorite rendezvous of the people of the great world, and it is there one sees the prettiest society women arrayed in most stunning gowns.

Speaking of toilettes I must, and I hope it is for the first and last time, speak of the "hobble skirt." Unless I am much mistaken the hobble skirt was launched by Poiret. Still graven on my memory is the extraordinary sight of those mannequins at the Longchamps race course last spring as they promenaded about the passage to the great amazement of the crowds there assembled. The hobble skirt was, it must be acknowledged, instantly a great success, one of curiosity. The reporters for the fashion journals instantly turned their cameras upon these mannequins, eager to present to their readers the first view of the new mode, which soon became a veritable craze. Women, like the sheep of Panurge, demanded from their dressmakers the all too famous "hobble skirt." Before this overwhelming demand the majority of the great dressmakers could only bow. However, I know from a good source that, to their honor be it said, several of them only succumbed when literally compelled to do so.

Add to these narrow skirts hats of formidable dimensions, and you can easily imagine the Parisienne's pretty silhouette transformed into the semblance of a mushroom! For her graceful and willowy walk was substituted the little jerking steps of the Japanese women with this marked difference that the Japanese with their kimonos, their faces and their special coiffures, make a perfect

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MADAME LYDIA YAWORSKAIA (PRINCESSE BARIANTINSKY)

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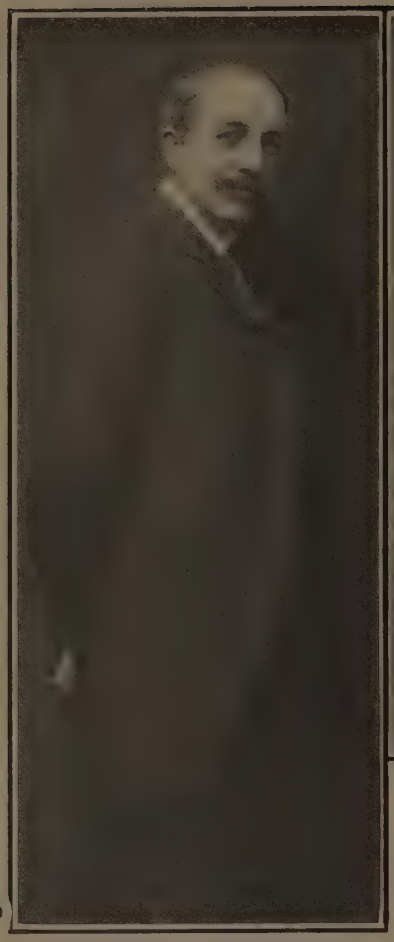

MR. ALBERT CARRE
Director of the Opéra Comique

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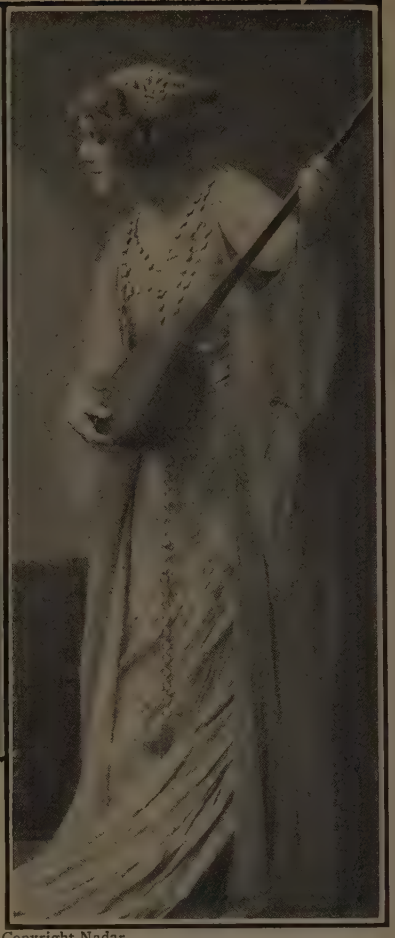
MME. MARGUERITE CARRE



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MME. MARGUERITE CARRE
In "La Reine Fiammette"

symphony, which has nothing in common with our disguised Parisiennes. All the artists and society women to whom I have confided my disgust have replied in chorus, "What's to be done? It is the fashion!" There, truly, lies the cancer that is destroying æsthetics and good taste.

There is no good reason to follow fashion whether in gowns or hats, unless that fashion is of admirable quality, unless it favors the feminine form, unless it enhances the beauty of a woman's face. If, on the contrary, it turns her to ridicule, then fashion should be boycotted by all women who by their fame or their social position are in a position to free themselves from its shackles.

The hobble skirt would have been still-born had it not been for that state of mind which desires at all cost ever and always something new, and is even willing to sacrifice every atom of good taste to attain its end. Thanks to this peculiar state of mind the hobble skirt lasted many months despite its numberless practical and æsthetic defects. It died for the same reasons, the public having tardily recognized that it was a joke which had endured quite long enough.

I am convinced that the dressmaker who conceived this inartistic garment must now realize his mistake. In all epochs even the greatest masters of art have made mistakes which have been readily forgiven because of the works of art they have created. If there were dressmakers who submitted to the dictates of their clients, and endeavored to lessen the ungraceful lines of the hobble skirt, there were others who refused absolutely to follow in the wake of any dressmaker whose reputation is based solely upon eccentric styles. Of such is Madame Lentheric, who knows how to preserve the happy medium. I shall often have occasion to tell my readers of this firm whose fame is worldwide, and which owes much of its reputation to the fact that it only follows from afar the exaggerations of fashion. This house owes its success to a combination of unusual circumstances. Monsieur Lentheric is the founder of the great perfumery works which bears his name, while Madame Lentheric directs with an incontestable success the luxurious fashion salons situated in the same building. While each establishment is entirely independent the combination of perfumery, hairdressing, hats and fashions is a most happy one, and one highly appreciated by the patrons of this establishment, among whom are numbered aristocratic women of every nationality. Almost every well-known American visiting Paris goes there to admire the latest creations of Madame Lentheric.

I cannot resist the pleasure of showing you two of the most devoted patrons of this house. One is Madame Lydia Yaworskaia (Princesse Bariantinsky), the other, Mlle. Lantelme. The one has had an immense success at the Theatre Michel, all the more wonderful because she plays in French. Her Russian accent has not detracted, but rather added to her success. The Princesse Bariantinsky, or to use her stage name, Lydia Yaworskaia, has played at the Theatre Souvorine, in her native land, many great parts, among others the heroines of Sardou, Rostand, Hervieu and Dumas *fils*. Her interpretation of Marguerite Gautier in the "Dame aux Camélias" was a veritable triumph throughout Russia. This great artist was equally successful as the Princess Lointaine, Zaza and Madame Sans-Gêne. After Russia Madame Yaworskaia played in Vienna, then at His Majesty's Theatre in London. Soon America will have the opportunity of welcoming her, and in the United States she will undoubtedly repeat her European triumphs. I wish her good luck.

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MADAME LYDIA YAWORSKAIA
(Princesse Bariantinsky)

Mlle. Lantelme is frequently called the "pet child" of the Parisians. She merits this name twice over, first by her talent,

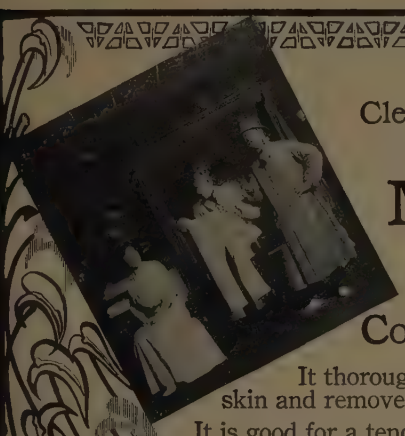

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Photo Felix

MADAME M. CHAUMONT

next by her beauty. She is now universally acknowledged to be a great actress by reason of her creation of the rôle of Ginette Dubreuilh in the "Marchand de Bonheur," a sparkling comedy by Henry Kistemaeckers, at the Vaudeville. I hope to have the opportunity in the near future of analyzing more thoroughly Mlle. Lantelme's special and characteristic talent.

Despite what you may have read to the contrary, I must tell you that the production at the Théâtre Porte Saint Martin of "L'Aventurier," by M. Alfred Capus, is what in theatrical slang we call a "four." The piece itself is mediocre, the acting, with the exception of Coquelin's, is beneath the average. Even M. Guitry was cold, and moved awkwardly about the stage. Can it be that his acting of the rôle of Chantecler can be the reason?

The costumes worn by Madame Darcourt, and so much praised by some writers, aroused no enthusiasm in me even though they were made by Martial and Armand. So long as dressmakers ignore the fact that their art should consist in adapting to the individual beauty of each woman the gown which is to envelop her, so long will they be traveling the wrong road. They should take into account her height, her figure, her complexion, and the subtleties of her individuality, and bring out the correct value of each. Also consideration must be given to the frame, the environment, the locality where the gown is to be worn. They should not try to build a visiting or reception gown after the same rules as a trotteur. Thus when he is an artist, the dressmaker, when he is composing a gown for a state occasion, must harmonize the material, the style and the shades to the style and color of the decorations of the salon where he knows that the costume will be worn, and not weight it down with garish and scintillating richness, thus producing a negative result that leads one to suspect regrettable deformities of the body they are supposed to conceal. Later on we shall see how many among the hundreds of dressmakers in Paris have the right to call themselves artists. PETRONIUS.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING

"Massage your feet to keep the lines and wrinkles out of your face." At first I was inclined to laugh when I heard a physician say that the other day. Then I remembered how natural it is to screw up the face and squint when one has any foot trouble, and when he went on to explain how many nerve centres there are in the feet, I began to see the connection between a correct massage for the feet and the elimination of facial wrinkles.

The feet must be massaged with a specially prepared ointment, and after the given amount is well worked into the skin with long enough strokes as well as kneading, a foot powder must be lightly shaken on them so that whatever of the ointment remains does not spoil the stockings.

If after bathing the feet each morning they were massaged with this ointment, and special care taken to rub it well into the callous spots and about the nails there would be fewer visits to the chiropodist.

Great care must be taken to dry the feet properly, particularly between the toes, for it is moisture between the toes which in nine cases out of ten causes soft corns. The absorbent foot powder should be sifted between the toes of all those who suffer with moist feet.

Those who dance, or for any other reason are much on their feet, often suffer with aching and burning feet. There is a splendid foot tonic which almost instantly cools, soothes, rests and quiets hot, aching, tired and nervous feet. It is an excellent remedy in the treatment of chilblains and bunions. It is easily and quickly applied with the brush which accompanies each bottle, the price of which is only $1, while the foot ointment is only 50c.

Traces of age are most quickly discernible about the eyes. More people suffer from eye strain than are aware of it, and this manifests itself by the lines which often become deep furrows between the eyes. Then neuralgia attacks the temples, and adds its aches and pains to the already overwrought and tired eyes. Glasses may overcome these ills to some extent, but they are not always necessary, and can never remove the furrows and wrinkles.

An effective remedy for tired eyes has recently been discovered. This is the application of colored lights combined with electricity, which is applied through specially prepared instruments. The results are two-fold, for the eyes are not only rested and refreshed, but the circulation around them being stimulated has a marvelous effect upon the lines. Of course, it takes several treatments for the lines to actually become lessened. The method of application is so truly restful and delightful that those who have tried it are most enthusiastic on the subject.

Every woman who has travelled knows how trying upon the skin is the hard water in the dressing-room of the Pullman. To remedy just this defect, there now comes prepared in most attractive little boxes with sifter top, a bath powder, put up by an English firm. This softens the water wonderfully and gives the skin a delightful texture, being stimulating and refreshing. One can produce it in four ounce boxes, just enough for a long journey, and it comes in four odors—violet, lavender, rose, and crab-apple.

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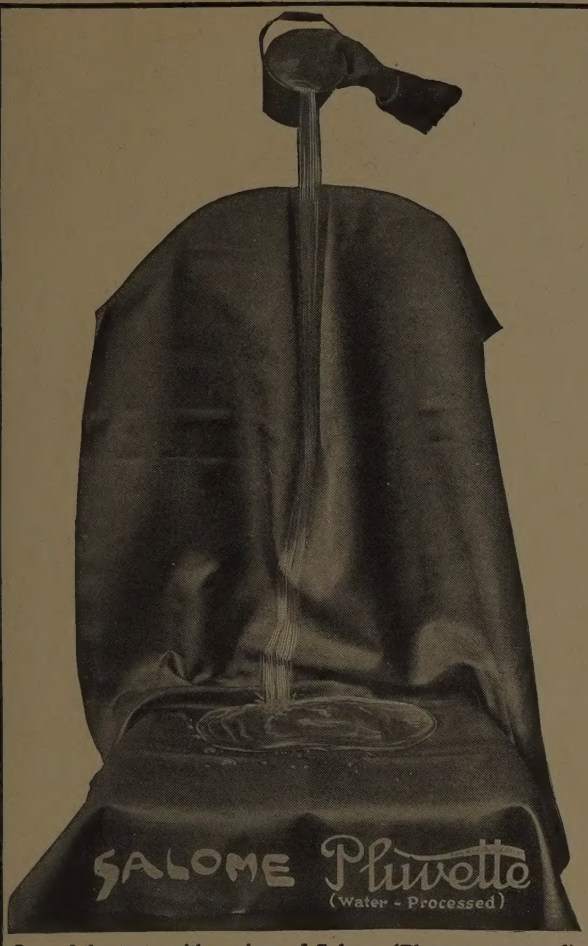
Modele Poiret. Worn by Mlle. Mistinguett



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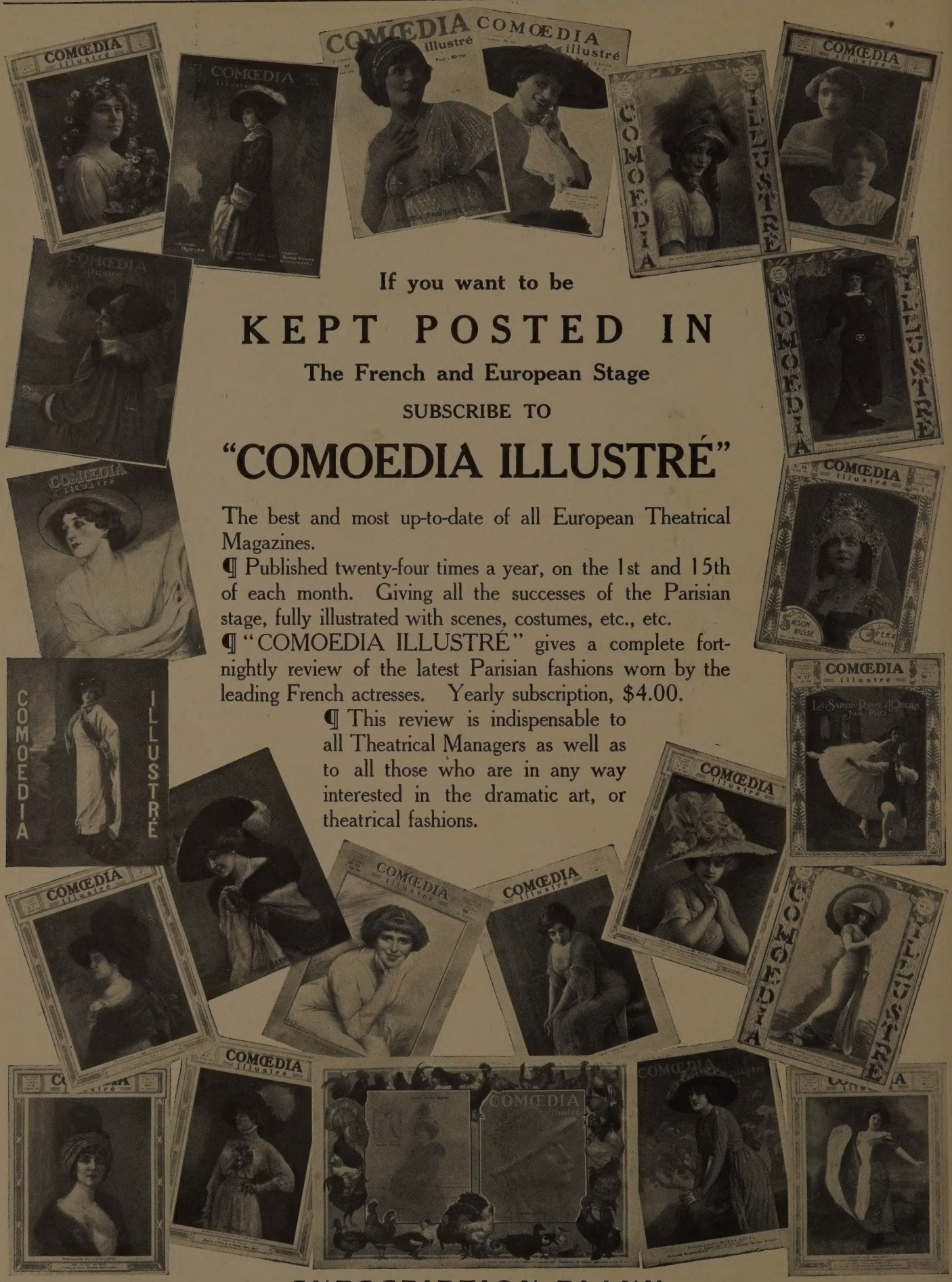

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NEW YORK. June 6th. 1910.

Publishers, The Theatre Magazine,
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